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CAMILLA CLEESE TAKES ON VALENTINE'S DAY

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HOW DO I LOATHE THEE?

One day every year, people from around the world celebrate a holiday when they dress up in something extra-special, get taken out on the town and shown off by someone who loves them and finish by snuggling in bed eating candy before drifting off to a satisfied slumber.

That holiday is, of course, Halloween.

But being as this is our Valentine's Day issue, we asked writer and comedian **Camilla Cleese** to look back and share some of her own fond memories of the Day for Lovers. When she didn't return our calls, we asked her to tell us what she really thinks about Valentine's Day. As it turns out, she's not a fan. Her piece **Happy V.D.! (page 32)** should explain why.

All things considered, she did a bang-up job. We should thank her. Maybe we'll send her flowers.

The Editors

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2016

february

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PRINTED IN CANADA

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By The Editors

YOU DON'T SAY

"I learned that our falls aren't what define us, but rather how we get up, accept responsibility and earn redemption."
Former Republican Louisiana gubernatorial candidate David Vitter, whose fall includes impregnating a prostitute and forcing her to get an abortion.

SEE ME, FEEL ME

The good news for Swedes is that, even if they jerk off till they go blind, they can still enjoy porn, because the visionary National Library of Sweden has added *Occasionally Blind*, an erotic how-to book by artist Nina Linde to its Braille collection. Linde created the book, with Braille captions, after meeting a blind man in Chile. "It's about sexual stimulation," she says of her work, which features gay, straight and group sex acts. "And sexual stimulation is for everyone."

IT'S ABOUT FUCKING TIME

Don't worry the next time your lover checks their watch in bed. Maybe they're wearing a GeeksMe smartwatch with an app to chart your sexual escapades. According to GeeksMe honcho Ángel Sánchez Díaz, the watch's Love Mode "can keep track of the start and end time, the duration of the act, how often [you] have sex, including weekly, monthly and annual statistics and graphs showing the intensity of movement." If your lover still wears socks to bed, that's your problem.

Courtesy of Geeksme.com

THE GLAND DOWN UNDER

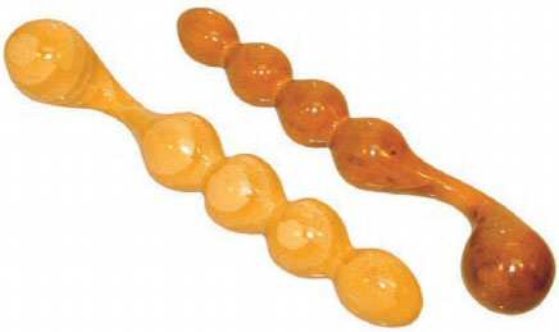
A lot of people in England poo-poo Australian table wines . . . or at least ads for them. Take Premier Estates Wine, whose campaign features a woman praising an Aussie Shiraz and saying, "Some say you can almost taste the bush," as she sets her half-full glass down at crotch level creating the illusion of, well, you know. The Advertising Standards Authority were not amused and, after eight complaints, banned the ad for presenting the sexy Sheila in "a degrading manner."

DEAD SEXY

If there's one thing that sells as well as sex, it's death, and that's why Polish casket maker Lindner Coffins hawks its wares with a sexy pin-up calendar. Founder Zbigniew Lindner says, "We enjoy showing our beautiful coffins, and what better way than including beautiful girls?" Speaking of the company's controversial approach to marketing, he says, "People who think a coffin is a symbol of religion have no knowledge. We wanted to show that a coffin shouldn't be a sacred object. It's the last bed you'll ever sleep in," adding that, of course, the calendar "helps us sell more coffins."

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

Irish women seeing red about laws that make abortion illegal in the Emerald Isle have begun live-tweeting their periods — using the hashtag #RepealThe8th and tagging Prime Minister Enda Kenny in the tweets. Comedian Gráinne Maguire started the campaign by telling Kenny, "Just so you know, I got my period two days ago. Pretty heavy flow at first but now just occasional spotting." Repealing the eighth amendment to change Irish abortion laws will only happen with a referendum, and almost 50,000 people have signed a petition to see that it happens.



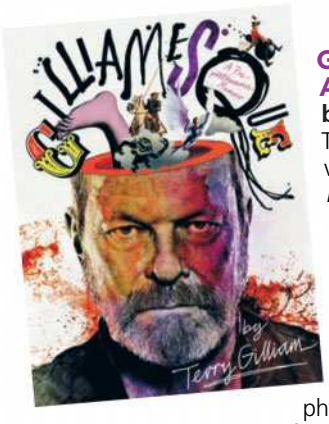
ALLURE

When we say we have wood, we never mean it literally—but there's a first time for everything. Let us introduce you to the Allure. This 10-inch toy has two ends to choose from: a curved bulb perfect for G- or P-spot pleasure and a row of four tapering orbs that are sure to delight. It's polished and sealed to prevent splinters and safe to use with your favorite lube. This alluring dildo will quickly become one of your favorite toys!

SEX & MISCHIEF BONDAGE KIT

Don't let high-priced bondage toys keep you from getting kinky. The Sex & Mischief Bondage Kit is available in black or red and comes equipped with everything you need to get the party started: a leash, a blindfold and two faux-leather cuffs that can even be connected to form a collar. The accessories look like high-end goods, but at $25 for the kit, they're perfect for the budget-conscious kinksters.

These and other products are available online at www.PenthouseStore.com or by calling 1-877-217-3436



GILLIAMESQUE
A Pre-Posthumous Memoir
by Terry Gilliam

The not-quite-dead co-founder of Monty Python and visionary director of *Brazil*, *12 Monkeys* and *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* takes you from his childhood in the frozen tundra of Minnesota to the New York City comic-book and magazine industry where he honed his craft to jolly olde England, his home after having renounced his American citizenship. Written in a breezy and fun stream-of-consciousness way with the flights of fancy you'd expect from the man who gave you the world's most famous foot, it's also the best-looking autobiography you're likely to read, chock full of rare photographs, sketches and illustrations from the author's vast and beautiful archive of material. *Gilliamesque* is an indispensable addition to any fan of the Pythons or Gilliam's eccentric and mind-bending film canon.

HOT LINKS

Vintage-Erotica-Forum.Com

The Vintage Erotic Forums offer fans of classic porn stars (read: anything from the 1920's to about 1997) a great resource to track down their favorite starlets, commune with other forum members and get their fix of a time when people actually had sex on film. The bulletin board layout makes browsing as easy as clicking a mouse (think reddit without all the subforums), and its vast archive of posts are easily searchable. You'll find hardcore, softcore, pin-up girls and plenty more to make the best of the time you'll be spending here when you should be working.

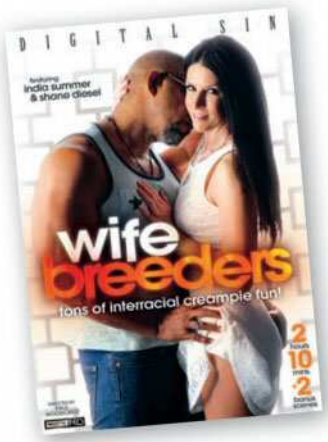
SploshUk.Co.Uk

We usually leave the kinky stuff to *Penthouse Variations* but we just can't get enough of the good old dirty fun that is smearing sexy ladies with slimy, slippery food. First-time sploshers visiting the Splosh! UK Forum can pick up a few pointers in the "Practical Sploshing" threads; the "Reading Room" serves up lots of foxy femmes getting messy; and the "Splosh! Fantasy League" lets you nominate and vote for whatever celebrity you'd like to see slathered in slop. You don't have to be a kid to enjoy playing with your food, and this site proves that again and again.

MY HOT WIFE LIKES IT ROUGH

(Digital Sin)

This controlled exploration of "rough sex" is about as anti-misogynist as it comes, yet it manages to retain the heat that less restrained encounters generate. Trisha Parks and Jordan Ash give up a typical scene, wherein sexy wifey asks shocked but compliant hubby to turn shit up a notch: hair-pulling, pussy slapping and light, consensual choking come part and parcel with face-fucking, pussy-pounding and more. Cadence Lux and Toni Ribas pull off the game-winner here, although the competition is close amongst all four scenes. If there's a comfortable way to bring a little bit of badness into the bedroom, this video is it.



WIFE BREEDERS

(Digital Sin)

There's plenty of star power to represent this IR cuckold creampie flick: India Summer, Veronica Avluv, Lea Lexis and Bianca Breeze are the white girls about to be filled with cream, which flies from the balls of Sean Michaels, Shane Diesel, Prince Yashua and Rob Piper. Between the dirty talk and masturbation, India and Diesel pull down an insanely hot scene before he even enters her; once he pumps her pussy full of meat the scene becomes a cunt-squirting, ball-slapping wonder. Michaels, of course, lays plenty of pipe on Lea, who winds up with a deep load of come. This commingling of genres (and bodily fluids) will be a big plus for a fan of any of the three.

THAT GIRL GOT A NICE BUTT

(Spizoo)

Do you know the difference between a nice butt and a Nicki Minaj-quality mega-booty? So does Ralph Long, who gathers together a bunch of total cuties to get reamed in this exercise in gluteal gonzo. The sets? Not much to speak of. The dialogue? Mostly non-verbal. But watching sweeties like thick-, dark-nippled Ariana Spencer squeal and wail and moan their way through a good hard fucking renders such criticism moot. Some of the camerawork is on the, uh, esoteric side (fisheye lenses don't really work in porn), but the fucking and sucking is right on point, otherwise.

BAD TEENS GO BLACK

(My Peach Productions)

Although the POV aspect of this disk falls incredibly flat, the many combinations of black-and-white sex on this disk more than make up for it. Rilynn Rae and Giselle Leon pull off a nice double-team with a black and a white stud after being interrupted during study time. Mercedez Santos sheds her schoolgirl uniform to take some thick black stick, salvaging her scene well thanks to her enthusiasm, moaning and (of course) pigtails, despite the fact that her partner can't quite keep himself from yapping through the whole thing. Extra points for lots of creampies and also casting Riley as a magazine subscription girl, a porn gambit we haven't seen in a long time.

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DIARY OF A PIMP

BY DENNIS HOF

America's most famous legal brothel owner opens up about his experiences in life, love, business and more. Have a question for Dennis? Email him at Pimp@ffn.com

THE LAMAR ODOM SCANDAL

I sometimes get criticized by people who say I'm a publicity hound, that I exploit the mainstream media and that I'll do anything to get my name in print. Usually my response is, "Yeah, so what's your point?" I freely admit I enjoy being in the limelight, and I love playing the press like a fiddle, using them the same way they use me. I've got a crack media department at the Bunny Ranch that works around-the-clock to get me and all my brothels as much radio, TV, internet and print exposure as possible. It's what has made the Moonlite Bunny Ranch the most high-profile legal brothel in America, and I'm proud of that.

But there are times that I don't crave media coverage. Such is the case with Lamar Odom, former Los Angeles Lakers basketball star and current husband of reality TV celebrity Khloe Kardashian, who nearly died of an overdose while visiting one of my brothels, The Love Ranch-Vegas, located about a hour's drive from the Las Vegas Strip. A lot of shocking things can happen in a brothel, but rarely do we have a guest who nearly dies in one of our VIP suites and sets off a worldwide uproar after my girls save his life. I know by now you've all read about what happened; now, let me tell you the real story.

We get a lot of big-name celebrities at all of my seven Nevada brothels, but 99 percent of them visit us on the down low, and for obvious reasons I

ESPN Images

don't name names. But once a celebrity does something to out himself as one of our customers, then all bets are off. And so it began with Lamar, a Las Vegas resident who began using social media to flirt with a number of my girls: Ryder Cherry, Monica Monroe, and a pre-op transgender woman working there at the time, porn star Madison Montag.

I know Lamar, as millions of others do, from his starring roles on the reality TV shows *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* to *Khloe & Lamar*. I also knew he had a reputation for going wild and was even busted once for a DUI. So when he called the Love Ranch one Saturday evening in October, asking for a limo to come pick him up and bring him to the girls, I told my staff to go get him, but under one condition: He had to swear he wouldn't do any illegal drugs or do anything else illegal at my brothel. I have a strict, zero-tolerance no-drug policy at all my bordellos, and it goes for the girls, my employees and my customers, including celebs. Lamar agreed, and a couple of hours later he arrived at the Love Ranch. We put him in our best VIP suite: the same massive luxurious suite I stay in when I'm there!

Once he was all settled in, the party started — and it went on non-stop. Lamar summoned girl after girl after girl, at all hours of the day and night, in singles and in groups. The man was so insatiable they had trouble keeping up with him. All the while we were also delivering food and drinks and whatever else Lamar requested, so he didn't even have to get out of bed for days. Ryder and Monica were his favorites, and he partied with them constantly, except when he slept a few hours each night. Their relationship wasn't purely

sexual, but included talking, watching TV and spilling his guts about his troubled marriage to Khloe. In fact, he was so open about the intimate details of his life that he even had the girls sign non-disclosure agreements.

Everything was going fine — so fine that Lamar ran up a $75,000 tab on his credit card — when suddenly all hell broke loose. When the girls went to see him after he took a short afternoon nap, they found him comatose and foaming at the mouth. His breathing was shallow, and when they couldn't revive him, the girls started screaming; luckily, one of my managers, Richard Hunter, was nearby, and he rushed into Lamar's bedroom. Lamar was, as the paramedics later confirmed, minutes away from death, until the Love Ranch-Vegas and its employees saved his life.

Richard immediately called 911 and, following instructions from the operator, turned Lamar over, got him into a position to clear his mouth and airway, and kept him stable until the ambulances arrived; no easy task as Lamar is six foot ten and well over 200 pounds. Several of the girls had to pitch in to help Richard but they all managed to keep Lamar alive until the paramedics arrived on the scene. Lamar was rushed to a hospital in Las Vegas — they tried to put him in a rescue helicopter, but he was too big to fit — and the doctors went to work.

That's when the media caught wind of the situation, and they went crazy to get the scoop. We never contacted the press; Lamar was still our confidential guest. But once the media assault had begun, there was nothing we could do to keep the matter quiet. We were flooded with teams of reporters, photographers and videographers. Every TV, radio and tabloid rag — from *TMZ* to *Inside Edition*, from the *National Enquirer* to *The New York Times*, from CNN to Fox News — was showing up at our doorstep, many offering top dollar to anyone who would dish on what went down in Lamar's bedroom.

At that point, I finally had to go public about the situation. The press was reporting all kinds of bullshit: that my girls had given Lamar illegal drugs, that the whole thing was a publicity stunt, and even that Lamar was already dead. I decided to go on the defensive and set the record straight that we hadn't given Lamar any drugs; we treated him like royalty; and when he overdosed, my staff helped save his life.

The hospital learned through blood tests and toxicology reports that Lamar had all kinds of drugs in his system, and that's what caused him to nearly die. Lamar was gulping down herbal Viagra and God knows what else; that was his decision to make, and it was a bad one. While I prayed that Lamar would survive, I was also pissed as hell. We had clearly told him, "No drugs!" I wasn't about to let my bordello be falsely labeled a drug den just because Lamar Odom decided to act stupidly while he was banging my girls.

It was when the Kardashian clan got involved that things turned even uglier. Of course they rushed to Lamar's side, which was to be expected. But they also tried to spin the media coverage to their advantage, no matter what the truth was. I got a call from their top PR person, just as I was about to go on *Nancy Grace*, who asked me to keep my mouth shut, not rebut the false allegations about my brothel, and to let the Kardashians do all the talking to the media! They wanted me to play

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ball, thinking they could intimidate me. I listened to what she said, and told her and the Kardashian's loudly and clearly to go to hell right before hanging up. Then I went on live TV and told Nancy Grace what had just happened. I bet the Kardashians loved that!

While all this was happening, Lamar began to improve. The doctors got him conscious, and he began talking and even texting from his hospital bed. The media storm subsided, and by the time Lamar was transferred to a hospital in Los Angeles for further treatment, no one seemed to care anymore. All the excitement was over, and the press was on to their next celebrity scandal.

That was fine by me, except for one thing. Remember that 75G tab Lamar ran up? He's refusing to pay! The Love Ranch and the girls are being stiffed for the time Lamar was there — and for saving his life. Well, I guess the most important thing is that Lamar is going to be alright. But in lieu of being paid, I've decided to christen the VIP room Lamar stayed in as "The Lamar Odom Suite," in honor of his visit and, of course, his unpaid hooker bill! I've since invited Lamar back to the Love Ranch-Vegas whenever he wants, but next time, he has to behave himself a little bit better. I think he knows what I mean by that. I know you do!

Dennis Hof is the owner of the Moonlite Bunny Ranch family of brothels located in Carson City, Nevada. He's also the author of The Art of the Pimp *(Regan Arts).*

GIRL TALK

BY MANDY STADTMILLER

Each month, sex journalist Mandy Stadtmiller offers her unique perspective on topics affecting men, women and couples of all orientations. If there's a topic you'd like to see her tackle, send her an email at GirlTalk@ffn.com

Brevity is the soul of . . . sexting?

When it comes to sending naughty messages to your object of desire, don't make the mistake so many men do by assuming that more is better, because this might be the one time with women where it really never is. More money, more dick, more attention? Sure. But a 500-word text message that spells out how you're going to suckle her womanhood until she overflows like a fountain? Please. Stop while you're ahead.

Keep in mind also that texts you send a woman are likely being shown to her girlfriends. Consider: Eight percent of women have accidentally sent a sext to a family member. If it doesn't end up with dear sweet mom? Well, believe it or not, 17 percent of sexters share the messages they receive with others, and a whopping 55 percent of those share them with more than one person (source: the new documentary *Addicted to Sexting*.) There's one infamous story of a woman who meant to send her girlfriend a dick pic she had received and sent it to her mom by accident, along with the message, "Here's the guy I'm dating." Needless to say, it didn't end well.

That doesn't mean women don't love a nice, horny sext. Just follow a few key rules to make sure that you're sexting her right and not cockblocking yourself instead.

1). If you assume something in a sext, you make an ass out of you and, well, you. A man often isn't sure what a woman's sexual tastes are when he starts bombarding her with messages that spell out his erotic desires.

Look at these two scenarios. In one, the man thinks a woman is so into him he proceeds to write a mini *Fifty Shades of Grey* screenplay on his iPhone about how he's going to spank her and teach her a lesson — except she's not even sure how she feels about him yet. That has become a deal breaker. He's lost his chance forever and sexted himself out of some actual sex because he overdid it. In the second scenario, he sends the innocuous, "What are you doing?" She replies. The back and forth begins. If he eventually finds she likes some light BDSM, he can later confidently text, "Can't wait to leave my handprint on your ass." He's practically guaranteed a sexty "Mmmm" in return.

2). When she sends you any kind of sext, always let her know that you received it. When a woman sends you a sexy, super-flirtatious text message, there is nothing more mortifying than thinking the guy didn't get turned on by what she wrote. Hell, if she writes, "I want to suck your big toe," and it makes you want to retch but you still ultimately want to get down, don't make her feel stupid. Just write "Mmmm" back. When in doubt, repeat some sexy-sounding consonants; anything is better than nothing. If she hits the sweet spot by sexting "I'm going to suck your cock like there's oxygen in your balls," reward her in kind. Give her what she seems to like: "Good girl," or "You're the sexiest woman I've ever met," or "You're amazing," or "You've got me so hard right now."

3). You've heard of unrequited love, but did you know there's such a thing as unrequited sexting, too? Meaning:

just as it's not realistic to expect an immediate, affirmative response when you say, "I love you," it's not realistic to expect an immediate, affirmative response to a sext, either. Is an "I love you," back a nice thing to hear? Sure. Just like "I can't wait till you pound my pussy," would be a great thing to hear back after reading, "Can't stop thinking about you naked." But as with both, be wary about setting yourself up for disappointment.

Remember: There's nothing more attractive than confidence, so make sure when you send a sext that you don't care if you ever hear from her again — even if it's that first-ever dick pic. Because that's how you roll.

4). Beware of the emotional ultimatum sext. Have you ever gotten a sext that read, "Pleasuring myself while thinking about you"? Except the two of you aren't exclusive and you got it when you were on a date with someone else? Well, that's not a sext, it's a test — and if you don't write back, you've failed. Of course, the situation is still salvageable. Try: "So bummed I missed it. Wish I was there!"

The difference between men and women is that if a woman sends a sext and hears nothing back, he'll never hear from her again. If a man sends a sext and hears nothing back, he'll just assume she was busy. So when you're getting supposedly sexy messages that are actually just check-ins, think about the situation you're dealing with and what she's expecting. There's nothing wrong with games, just know when you're being played.

5). There are plenty of dirty Debbies out there, but for the most part, men's imaginations are far dirtier than women's. Resist the urge to talk about shutting her up with your cock and using her face as a come dumpster. Chances are that unless "I'm a filthy little whore," is her jam, this will get you filed away in her contacts list under "Do Not Answer!"

Say you think of a scenario involving her and her hot little friend both sucking your cock. Instead of sexting that, try, "You're so much hotter than all your girlfriends. I'm hard just thinking about you." See how that works? You've got her thinking about her in the context of her girlfriends, but you have ventured nothing, and therefore nothing lost. (P.S.: Always let the threeway be her idea, when possible.)

6). If you want a dirty picture, you have to send a dirty picture, right? Wrong! The problem is that even if you're packing, dick pics are easily mocked by nervous women who aren't totally comfortable with how much they want the D. So err on the side of caution by not sending a dick pic unless she begs for one. If you're an exhibitionist and it turns you on to be sharing your penis with your girl (and the NSA), talk to her about it beforehand. Tell her how arousing you find it knowing that your cock is popping up at attention on her phone mid-day while she's in the middle of filing tax returns (or whatever). If she's the right girl, she'll be down for whatever turns you on, including getting your naughty snaps during the day.

7). To get a woman to send a sexy shot, let her use Snapchat so she knows it will disappear — or just play on her desire to show off. She's smart, so she's already thought about what would happen if her picture ended up

on the Internet — if that would be the end of the world for her, she's not going to send it. But most women realize there's always that small possibility, and if you're not some revenge porn creep, she'll feel safe enough to show you a little skin while she's at the office, or at a friend's house, or even at the movie theater missing you (with an upskirt selfie to prove it). Try sexting, "What are you wearing, baby?" If she describes it, follow up with, "Show me." Many times, she will.

8). If you're at the point where you're snapping pics of your junk, don't include your face in the picture. Any disgraced politician can tell you why this can lead to your downfall, even when you do strategically crop, so be prudent. If you honestly don't give a shit, congratulations. But never trust who you sext with because you never know the person's motives. She may be some honeypot hired by your ex-wife to get revenge. You've heard of the gift of fear? Look at paranoia as its own special gift, too.

9). If she starts hinting at sex, play along, even if you're not turned on. Nothing will make a woman close her vagina for business faster than a lack of response to a come-on.

10). No emojis — and that includes winky faces. You're not a Japanese schoolgirl. You're a fucking stud. So tell her "You're the sexiest chick I've ever met." Let her fingers do the rest.

Mandy Stadtmiller is the host of "News Whore," a weekly podcast about culture, comedy and sex featuring new and provocative figures in the world of pop culture. Episodes are available free at riotcast.com/newswhore.

THE DIRTY DETAILS

By Ryan Keely

Penthouse Pet Ryan Keely has dedicated her life to finding all the dirty details about sex and relationships. From her years spent working in adult toy stores to starring in hardcore videos to running the pick-up and sex advice seminar Porn Star Sex Life, Ryan's gained a wealth of knowledge along the way—and she's going to share that knowledge with *Penthouse Forum* readers every month. If you have a hot question or sexy comment for Ryan, you can send her an email at: TheDirtyDetails@ffn.com

My boyfriend asked if he could shave my pussy. I want to let him, but I'm nervous about nicks and cuts. Is there any safe way to let him do this? — *L.E., California*

Personally, I think this is a bad idea, but if you're really dead set on letting him do this, have him watch you shave your pussy every day for a week. During that week, he should shave his face and balls every day as well.

After a week of grooming together, let him carefully shave you using a good shaving cream or even hair conditioner (it makes an amazing shaving cream). Don't use foaming shaving cream, as it will cover the landscape and make it harder to see what he's doing down there. You don't want him going in blind. In that same vein, don't let him shave any areas that haven't previously been shaved. That's an unknown landscape and one he won't be able to see. Danger!

Also, make sure to use lotion on your fresh-shaved areas after to help avoid razor burn. If you have terrible razor burn, try either Tend Skin or, my favorite, PFB Vanish, which has a nice roller ball for easy application.

A friend of mine said that the only birth control she uses is the morning-after pill. Is that safe? — *J.Y., New York*

I'm curious to know if she's taking Plan B or RU-486. Plan B is available over the counter with no prescription. It prevents pregnancy by flooding a woman's body with a mega dose of progesterone. It works by either preventing or delaying ovulation and may interfere with the fertilization of the egg. It's nowhere near as good as con-

doms or regular birth control pills in preventing pregnancy, and is between 15 and 25 percent less effective.

Plan B has been described as safe and harmless with mild side effects, but there's no way pumping a mega-dose of hormones into your body is good for you. The internet is full of women writing on message boards and blogs about how after taking Plan B just once they experienced sharp abdominal pain, vomiting, weight gain, mood swings, changes to their periods and their sex drive—and that's just from taking the pill once, not the multiple times your friend has taken it.

Unlike Plan B, which prevents fertilization by changing your ovulation cycle, RU-486, also referred to as the abortion pill, causes the uterus to empty, which is a nice way of saying it chemically induces a miscarriage. About 99 percent of the women who use RU-486 experience at least one of the following symptoms: abdominal pain, nausea, headache, vomiting, diarrhea, dizziness, fatigue, back pain, uterine bleeding, fever, viral infections, vaginitis and/or rigors (chills and shaking). RU-486 is no joke and shouldn't be taken casually as a preventive measure. Seven percent of women who take it experience uterine hemorrhaging. Septic shock and death are not unheard of. This drug is so invasive and has so many side effects that it's been banned in China.

I suggest getting your friend to Planned Parenthood and having her start taking daily birth control and using condoms. Taking a daily pill is much easier, healthier and safer than

whatever post-coital birth control method she's attempting.

And don't forget condoms, because there's all sorts of shit you can get from sex aside from babies. You know about the big names like HIV, herpes and chlamydia, but a bunch of other weird stuff can happen to your junk if you don't wrap it up. Do you know what trichomoniasis is? It's profoundly uncomfortable, men are asymptomatic and there's no test for them. Gross.

So wear a condom to keep your coochy clean and baby-free. If you won't do it for yourself, do it for the nation. In 2010, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention estimated that there are 19 million new STDs every year. Herpes is for life and the medication to manage the symptoms is expensive. HIV will kill you. If your friend's only worried about pregnancy, she's missing the bigger picture.

What causes yeast infections and how can I prevent them? Can my boyfriend get a yeast infection, too? — *M.W., Indiana*

Yeast infections are caused by an over-abundance of the fungus candida. Candida is frequently present in healthy individuals, not only on their skin but also in moist areas like the mouth and vagina. It normally only causes infections when the body is out of balance and an over-abundance of the yeast occurs. This can be caused by lots of things. Antibiotics are a common cause, and introduction of a new lubricant or frequent douching can cause yeast infections, as can improperly cleaned sex toys, dirty fingers or using food items during sex. Bad diet, not washing new panties before you wear them and too-tight clothes can lead to infections, too. The list of possible causes goes on and on. Yeast infections even occur in celibate women, so they aren't really STDs.

And yes, you can transmit your yeast infection to your partner. It's somewhat rare, but it does happen. Symptoms are a rash or irritation and itching or burning on the tip of the penis, frequently around the pee hole (technical term). A male yeast infection can be treated with an over-the-counter anti-fungal cream.

You and your partner need to go to your doctor to be properly diagnosed. Once you learn your body's yeast infection symptoms, you can treat future infections with over-the-counter creams like Monistat.

To prevent yeast infections, wear cotton underwear and change out of bathing suits and gym clothes immediately after you're done swimming or working out. Don't use douche or scented tampons, and don't put any sort of scented product on your vagina. Eat foods with live cultures, like yogurt and kombucha. Foods that use words like "probiotics" are great prevention tools. Wipe front to back, not ass to vag. Make your partner wash their hands before they finger you. Wash your hands and sex toys before you masturbate.

One more pro tip is to use coconut oil as a lube and vaginal moisturizer. It's not scientifically tested, but a lot of us in the industry use it and it works great. However, coconut oil breaks down latex like any other oil, so only use it when you are playing with yourself or a tested, fluid-bonded partner.

I just started dating a great guy, and I'm excited to sleep with him, except for one thing: he's six-foot-

six and I'm only five-foot-four. It's always awkward when we hug and kiss, so how can we make the sex work? — *A.H., West Virginia*

It's actually going to be more comfortable to have sex with him than hug and kiss. There's an old maxim, "Everyone is the same height in bed," and it's totally true!

That said, there are a few positions that are especially suited to height-disparate couples. My favorite is the man sitting on a couch while the woman rides him. It's very intimate, gives you lots of face time with your partner and is perfect for smooches. You can also modify this position on a bed with him sitting cross-legged. In that position, I like to ride my partner by supporting myself in a crab/bridge position on my feet and hands, belly toward the sky. It feels amazing! Play around with angles, depth and speed. There are so many variations and delicious sensations for you to discover! For 69, either lay on top of him or modify the position so you're both laying on your side and he can curl his back down to reach your pussy.

Because you're so much smaller than him, try standing missionary with your back against the wall and him supporting your weight. Not everyone can do that, but for those who can, it's super fun. And for standard missionary and doggie, grab the bottom cushions off the couch. They're firmer and larger than bedroom pillows and can lift your body into the right position. Think of them as a sex booster seat. Use the kitchen counter for mish and doggie, or raise your bed. There's no limit to the things you can do.

This column doesn't constitute medical or professional advice. Always consult a qualified health care professional for your medical, psychological, or relationship problems.

ADRIENNE MANNING

Adrienne and her GF Celeste Star have a steamy night ahead of them, and it's sure to make you a little hot under the collar too.

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January 1, 2016

A new year. A fresh start. This is going to be my year. I can feel it!

New Year's Eve was actually fun this year, probably because I decided not to plan anything or spend any money. My only expectation was that I'd go to sleep at some point, so anything above that would qualify as fun. And it worked! I wound up spontaneously meeting some friends at a house party and we had a great time.

But I woke up this morning feeling mildly hungover, which is weird, because I gave up drinking eight years ago. Maybe I've caught something from one of the strangers who insisted on kissing me as the clock struck midnight. I usually avoid that by hiding in the bathroom for the countdown, but the party I was at had port-o-potties.

Despite feeling physically crappy, I do feel good about my two New Year's Resolutions. I made one because I knew I could stick with it for a year, which would make it 363 days more successful than any other New Year's Resolution I've made. New Year's Resolution number one? I gave up my boyfriend.

Okay, truthfully, I broke up with Mike in early December but never found exactly the right moment to tell him it was over and he wound up beating me to the punch. After he dumped me I tried to reconcile

Happy V.D.!

By Camilla Cleese

with him so I could break up with him a week later, thus giving me the final word. But in a moment of maturity, I resolved that in honor of the New Year, I would stop.

I'm excited to be single again, mostly because I get to check out all the new dating apps that have popped up since Mike and I got together. I matched with him on Tinder and met him in person, totally by coincidence, the very same day. I'd promised myself I was only on Tinder to find stand-up material, but I made an exception because I thought it must be a sign from the universe that we were meant to be together. If it was, the universe must hate me.

Before that relationship, I was only aware of a few dating apps: Tinder, PlentyOfFish and JDate. I never gave POF or JDate a chance, mostly because I don't like fish and I'm not Jewish. I was tempted to try JDate, but I found the name of the app irritating. Maybe if it was called "Jew Complete Me."

New Year's Resolution number two? To give up having high expectations about anything. If I expect little in every aspect of my life, then anything good that happens will seem even better. More importantly, I'll never be disappointed! Maybe I'm the next great philosopher. Time to make a meme.

January 2

Today I had most of the day off, so I went to the grocery store to stock up on food. But as soon as I walked into Ralph's, I was seeing red, literally and figuratively. They were already pushing Valentine's Day crap. God, I love a bad pun/double entendre.

New Year's Eve just ended, and already Valentine's Day is being jammed down my throat. I found myself standing in the aisle amidst the tsunami of red and pink and candy hearts and boxes of chocolates, wishing there was another holiday that grocery stores could cash in on before Valentine's Day. That way, we wouldn't be forced to spend the six weeks after New Years being constantly reminded of Valentine's Day, which is kind of the Donald Trump of holidays: It's always in your face, it's annoying as hell and anyone with a brain hates it.

"Happy Valentine's Day" is an oxymoron, and I don't say that because I've never had a happy Valentine's Day. I don't think anyone has. I also don't think it's a coincidence that the abbreviation of Valentine's Day, "V.D.," is also the abbreviation of "venereal disease." There's probably a high incidence of V.D. infection on V.D.

There are two kinds of people in the world: people like me who hate Valentine's Day, and people who think they love Valentine's Day. The second group of people seem to be comprised mostly of girls who inevitably end their Valentine's Day celebration in tears. These are the girls who have been dreaming of their wedding since they were born, and a successful Valentine's Day is an important milestone on their journey to that day. Sure, they may have hated Valentine's Day last year, but that's because they were single. Duh.

In theory, Valentine's Day is the most romantic day of the year, but in reality Valentine's Day is a recipe for disaster. I don't think that anyone really knows or cares about the historical significance of the day, we just know that it's supposed to be the single most important day of the year for couples. The events planned and gifts exchanged on Valentine's Day are supposed to represent how much two people love each other. What could possibly go wrong?

No matter how much two people love each other, they're bound to have their own separate, and generally high expectations for what Valentine's Day will bring. And, since most of us aren't psychic, there's no way one partner can know what the other is expecting.

In most couples, the guy plans the bulk of the Valentine's Day activities with little or sometimes no input from the girl, if it's a surprise. The girl can use the time she would have spent planning fantasizing about what will unfold. She might think to herself, "Will he take me to dinner? Whisk me off for a surprise getaway?"

In longer relationships, she may think a proposal is on the way. She'll likely chat to her friends who are also in relationships about what they think their guys are planning, which may raise the bar even more. If Karen's friend Mary has been dating Mark for four months and he's taking her to Maestro's, Karen's boyfriend Ryan now has to match Maestro's and raise a room at the Four Seasons in order to seem adequate.

The guy, whether he actually likes Valentine's Day or not, will have his own set of expectations. Depending on how much money, time and effort he puts into it, he's going to expect some level of gratitude. Maybe he'll settle for a genuine thank you, but some guys think if they cough up the big bucks they're getting something more. Like anal.

To make matters worse, if your date

involves going to a restaurant or virtually any public place, you're going to be surrounded by other couples celebrating the same holiday in the same fashion. Maybe your date's having a grand old time until she notices the girl at the next table being handed a Tiffany box by her date. Suddenly, she realizes what she's missing out on. Maybe the couple next to you is having more fun, which instantly makes you wonder whether there's someone else out there who you could be having that much fun with.

The other couples you encounter may be better dressed, better looking, more flirtatious, taller, thinner, smaller. It doesn't matter. They're going to be different, and that means chances are that one or both of you will somehow be comparing yourselves and/or your date to see how they or you measure up. You just unwittingly entered a romance competition that no one wins. The Super Bowl of sweethearts everywhere. The men are all secretly wishing that none of the other men drop a knee, because the second one breaks out a ring box, all the other V.D. dates are going to seem worse, comparatively. Inadvertently, he'll ruin all the other Valentine's Day dates and take home the championship ring.

To add insult to injury, these days you're not only able to compare your date with the others in your peripheral vision, you can compare it to the whole world's Valentine's Days on social media. Now you're not just competing to see who can have the best date with the other 14 couples at the restaurant, you're competing with everyone in the world.

All that anxiety can cause one or both parties to drink too much, which causes its own set of problems. The girl may be more than willing to express her gratitude, but it won't matter if the little guy doesn't want to cooperate. And chances are the window of opportunity will be shut by the time he does — especially for anal. That window was probably only open a crack to begin with.

> "There are two kinds of people. Those who hate Valentine's Day and those who think they love it"

January 6

I was sitting in my living room working on the computer this morning when my doorbell rang. There was a delivery man at the door holding the most beautiful floral arrangement I've ever seen. I got excited, thinking perhaps it was from Mike because he desperately wanted me back or, even better, I had a new secret admirer!

The delivery guy said, "Sign on the line below your name," and gestured to a box that read "Julia Hernandez." I stared at the form for a minute, trying to figure out how the fuck they spelled my name so wrong. The flowers were addressed to Unit 502, which is indeed my apartment number, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't figure out a way that "Camilla Cleese" could have been misinterpreted as "Julia Hernandez." Probably because of my hesitation, the delivery guy pulled the form away and took a second look at it.

"Oh," he said. "They aren't for you."

I was pissed. Was it that inconceivable that somebody would send me flowers? Just before I opened my mouth, I realized he probably meant, "You're not Julia Hernandez," as in, "That doesn't sound like a white girl name." I almost asked why I couldn't be Julia Hernandez. Is it that inconceivable that I'm of Latin descent? Even an eighth? Racist.

I kept my mouth shut, because he was already on the phone talking to Julia, who was at home in Unit 503. I should have changed the number in the "Recipient's Phone Number" box when I had the chance. Oh well. The delivery guy said he was sorry and walked the flowers down the hall. Bye bye, flowers. Bye bye, good mood.

What had been until then a great morning, was ruined. Why? Because I didn't know that I wanted flowers, and now I need flowers! *I can't live without fucking flowers!* But because those flowers were delivered, waved in front of my face making me think that somebody loved me, and then snatched away to be enjoyed by my prettier neighbor, I now have a void that desperately needs to be filled. By flowers. Flowers sent by a man. So not only am I miserable because I don't have flowers, I need somebody to buy me flowers, so now I'm miserable because I need a boyfriend.

Julia is ruining my life. I hope she's a good person and will let her boyfriend know she lives in Unit 503 and not 502 so this doesn't happen again.

January 15

Jake, a guy I met on Bumble, asked me to lunch on Thursday. That's three days away. I don't want to confirm because I'm not sure what I think of him or if I'll be in the right mood for a date when Thursday rolls around. Jesus. Am I so afraid of commitment that I can't commit to lunch plans — or anything, really? Maybe because the word "committed" is usually followed by the words "a crime" or "to a mental institution." That, and I might just be a tad selfish. Or very selfish. I should really work on that.

I agreed to lunch but warned him I'm waiting for confirmation of a meeting that's being scheduled by my agent (true) and there's a teeny tiny chance it might be scheduled for Thursday lunch (not true). I'm a terrible liar. I don't even bother trying to lie in person, because my nostrils flare and it's just plain embarrassing. Lying by text should be easier, but the guilt eats away at me, so whenever possible, I tell the truth. Or at least the "Based on a true story" version.

January 17

Today as I was running out the door in an upbeat mood, I almost tripped over a floral arrangement sitting on my doorstep. Enough time had passed for me to forget about the last flower delivery, so it wasn't until I read the card that I realized the flowers weren't for me. To add insult to injury, this time I was forced to deliver the flowers myself and then say goodbye to them.

When I got to Julia's door, in a moment of thoughtless impulse, I knocked. I regretted it immediately, but I took a deep breath and tried to think of something to say if she answered. I'd kill her with kindness — or smash the vase over her head — and ask her sweetly to let her boyfriend know she lives in Unit 503 and not Unit fucking 502.

I could hear her footsteps get louder as she approached the door. I held my breath expecting it to open, but nothing happened. I knocked again. Nothing. A moment later I heard her walk away. Seriously? I put the flowers

down in front of her door and wondered if my impulse to soccer kick the vase was a good one. I couldn't bring myself to do it, mostly because I'm sure when she looked through the peephole she saw enough to pick me out of a lineup. Besides, I'm not the kind of person who kicks over a vase of flowers, am I?

January 18

Go me! I actually went on that date with Jake! I had an excuse, and I didn't even use it. Maybe I'm turning over a new leaf.

He's from the south, which I like, and his impeccable manners are adorable. I've been living in Los Angeles for about 10 years now, and I although I don't think chivalry is dead, it's definitely in a coma. But I'm okay with that. I feel like some forms of chivalry are outdated. For example, Jake insisted on picking me up, which feels less like chivalry and more, I don't know, kidnappy. I like to drive myself to my dates, because I like having a ready-to-go escape pod if I need to bounce. But I decide to let Jake have his way, because he's way too good-looking to be an axe murderer.

When he pulled up, he got out of the car and walked around to open the passenger side door. It seemed odd that he wanted to be a passenger in his own car, but I don't drink anymore, so I climbed into the driver's seat. He asked what I was doing, and I told him I thought that was his way of asking me to drive, which he found hilarious. Apparently, that is what "politeness" looks like, although I don't really understand why I would need him to open my car door. It's not like I'm missing both my arms. Whatever.

At the restaurant, more manners. He held doors and said, "Ladies first," in his cute southern accent. I'm on board with the whole "women and children first" thing. Not that I give a fuck about the "kids" part. I don't. I just figure if I'm ever on a sinking ship, a kid would take up less room in a lifeboat. And if it came down to it, I'd have no problem eating one. But only if it was organic, free-range and humanely raised. Like, had a good life before I ate it.

> "I didn't know I needed flowers. Now I can't live without flowers"

The date was lovely right up until he said he was a Republican. And owned a gun. *Check please,* I thought. But I stuck dinner out because he was nice, polite and fun to look at. Plus I figured he might have said gun with him.

January 24

While I was making my third cup of coffee this morning, the doorbell rang. When I opened the door, there was nobody there, just another floral arrangement. It was less impressive than the previous ones, which made me smile. Things must not be going well for Julia and her boyfriend.

As I carried the flowers down the hallway, I peeked at the card. It read "We love you! Dad and Jen." I put the flowers down in front of her door, thinking what a crazy coincidence it was that her Dad was also married to a woman named Jen. I walked back into my apartment and resumed making my coffee, irritated by the fact that already my phone had been dinging non-stop with text message alerts.

> "I was tempted to kick the flowers over, but remembered they were in my vase"

This early? Did someone die?

Even worse. Today's my birthday. I'm 32 and already my memory is going. Maybe I have dementia. I figured I should check WebMD to be safe, so I sat down at my laptop.

Fuck! Those flowers were meant for *me!* I found myself wishing that Julia had seen the flowers, but had her hands full, and that I'd grab them from her doorstep before she had the chance. She'd get a taste of her own medicine, see how it feels to be teased like that. I hope she's jealous! Although my flowers probably weren't good enough for Julia. She strikes me as a total flower snob. She probably only likes flowers that are organically grown, gluten-free and watered with the tears of small children. On the bright side, I wasn't expecting flowers, so they were a lovely surprise! Plus, it's my birthday, which means I can get out of shit I don't feel like doing.

I'm not really a big fan of birthdays. I loved them up until I turned 21, seven times. My first 21st birthday was when I got my first fake ID at age 17. It seemed like a good age to stick with, so I stayed that age till my friends matured enough to not black out at my birthdays anymore, therefore remembering how old I actually turned. But with age I've learned to love people's imperfections as well as their strengths and be wary of falling in love with the idea of someone rather than their reality. I'm no longer looking for the perfect guy to fall in fairy tale love with, nor do I believe there's anyone who can "complete me."

I'm striving to be complete and happy by myself and hope one day I'll get the added bonus of having someone in my life permanently who I enjoy more than anyone else, someone who challenges me, and I, them, to become a better person. If I don't find that special person it's not the end of the world. I believe I'll lead a fulfilling and successful life regardless. I'll just fill the void the old-fashioned way: with cats.

January 28

I got home at about 2:30 a.m.after driving round-trip to San Diego to do a stand-up set, and at my front door sat two dozen red roses. They had been delivered in a nice vase, with a card, but it appeared someone had taken a disliking to them. The flowers lay on the dirty floor surrounded by water, decorative stones and shattered glass.

I was exhausted and beyond frustrated. Who does that? Who kicks over a vase of red roses that's just sitting in front of someone's door, not bothering anyone? There could only be one explanation: Julia. She must have seen that I had flowers and assumed they were for me this time, and was like, "Fuck that!"

I found myself fantasizing that she was tipsy when she'd done it, and the kick had caused her to slip in her stilettos and fall hard on the floor in front of at least four people, including her boyfriend. I then immediately felt guilty and beat myself up for having such a horrible thought and decided I'd be the bigger person. Perhaps it was an accident and she had nothing to do with it.

I read the card to confirm that the flowers were meant for Julia, which they were. It said, "Julia, You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen, I can't wait to see you tomorrow. I love you. Brian "

Vomit.

It probably wouldn't have bothered me if she wasn't prettier than me, but whatever. He's clearly lying. There's no way she's prettier than Adriana Lima or Gisele, so I shouldn't be jealous, right? I mean, I wouldn't want to date a guy who's a liar anyway.

I pulled myself together, put on some rubber gloves and got to work cleaning up the water and broken glass. I put the roses and decorative stones in one of my own vases, added the flower food and some fresh water and sat down to write Julia an apologetic note explaining what had happened and asking her to please leave the vase in front of my door when she was done with it. As a postscript, I wrote, "Please, could you let your boyfriend know that you live in 503 and not 502? He's making my boyfriend look bad." Smiley face.

She does *not* need to know I don't have a boyfriend. I mean, she's already winning. Besides, it sounds better than, "Could you please let your boyfriend know that you live in apartment 503 and not apartment 502? Because although I'm really happy being single, *I don't need it rubbed in my fucking face, you bitch!*" and I just can't seem to find a happy medium.

I left the flowers and my note at her door, patting myself on the back for doing the right thing. For an instant I was tempted to kick the flowers over, but I restrained myself when I remembered that they were now in my vase. I collapsed into bed, noting I was only going to get four hours of sleep because of her, which means I must be a *really* good person. Right?

February 13

Still no vase. There's absolutely no way those flowers are still alive. They would have died at least a week ago. If Julia hasn't returned my vase by now, she clearly has no intention of ever returning it, much less saying, "Thank you." I'm sure it's stashed away safely in her cupboard, waiting for the next batch of flowers she'll be sent to enjoy.

I've tried to be a good person and give her the benefit of the doubt, but now I'm pissed. She's taken more from me than just flowers and a vase. She's stolen my happiness and rubbed my singledom in my face. So the next time flowers intended for her arrive at my apartment mistakenly, I'm going to be prepared. I've typed up a little note just like the cards that came with her other flowers. This is what it says:

Dear Julia,

For the following reasons, I can't see you anymore.

1. Your attitude stinks.
2. Your vagina also stinks.
3. Since we first started dating you've gained weight. I didn't want to say anything, but I thought you'd want me to be honest.
4. I met a girl who's prettier, kinder, funnier, more awesome, and all-around just way better than you in every possible way. By total coincidence, she lives in Unit 502. I just didn't want you to think any flowers sitting in front of her door were meant for you and accidentally take them.

Go fuck yourself!
Brian

I hope he sends more flowers soon.

Camilla Cleese is a writer, comedian and model. You can connect with her at twittter.com/CamillaCleese and by visiting CamillaCleese.com.

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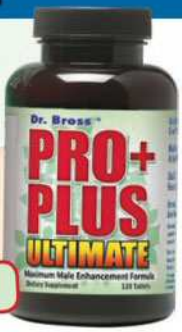

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V020T

JESSE'S BOY

I'm a 19-year-old college student. After graduating from high school last year, I had a job delivering newspapers to make some cash. One of the customers on my route was a nice couple in their late forties named Phil and Jesse. They were always nice to me, and they always tipped me well.

Phil worked away from home a lot, and Jesse often had me do some odd jobs for her when he was away. She paid well and usually gave me refreshments. Sometimes we'd sit and talk.

Jesse dressed nicely, in skirts cut to mid-thigh or to her knees, but she never looked slutty. Sometimes I'd get a peek up her thighs when she'd bend over to pick something up or cross her legs while we sat talking. Although her face was kind of plain, she did excite me a bit because she wore stockings or hose, which turn me on.

One afternoon I went over to do some odd jobs for her, and she seemed more friendly than usual. She gave me a drink while we talked and told me Phil had been gone for a week, with another week to go. As she said how lonely she was, she uncrossed her legs, and I saw her bare brown-haired pussy under her pleated skirt. She was looking away at that point and didn't see me stare, but when she looked back I thought she must have seen the obvious bulge in my pants, even though she didn't say anything.

A few minutes later she went out to the kitchen. At one point, she dropped a towel. When she bent to pick it up I again got a glimpse of her pussy and her naked ass above her stocking tops.

I knew she was trying to seduce me, and I was all for it. Despite the fact that she was married and so much older than me, I was very excited, but I didn't know what to do next.

Jesse decided or me when she asked me to move a dresser in her bedroom. As she led me upstairs I got a total view under her skirt at her bare ass and pussy. I was a couple of steps behind her, and as we neared the top of the stairs she suddenly stopped. Since I was staring at her ass, I instantly ran into her. Instinctively, to keep from falling or knocking us both over, I grabbed at her thigh, my hand landing at the edge of her stocking tops, under her skirt. Though I quickly steadied myself, I let my hand stay there, enjoying the feeling; when Jesse didn't say a word, I ran my hand higher up over the bare flesh of her upper thigh to her pussy.

Then we both knew what we were going to do upstairs. Jesse moaned a little at my touch and then she quickly resumed climbing the stairs and led the way into her bedroom.

When I made it in, she was already lying on the bed. Her skirt had risen up and she didn't pull it down, so her bare pussy was on display again.

She looked at me and smiled, then asked if I could keep what we were going to do as our little secret. "Absolutely," I said. She motioned me over then, and I hopped on the bed with her. We kissed a little, and then I put my hand on her stocking-covered thigh and slowly slid it up to her pussy as she rubbed my crotch.

I slid a finger inside her while she undid my pants, and then she took me in her hand and started stroking me. It felt very good, but I wanted more, so I pushed her head down toward my crotch. She got the hint and took me in her mouth to give me even more pleasure, while I just lay there and enjoyed it. She even deep-throated me a little bit. This was only the third or fourth blowjob I'd ever had, and to be honest, I didn't last very long.

I began twitching. Jesse stopped sucking my cock and I was bummed. But in an instant my sadness to turned to absolute joy when she then got on her back and spread her legs. Somewhat awkwardly, I got on top of her. Then I remembered that I didn't have protection, but she said it didn't matter. I rubbed my cock on her bush, then found her hole. Just as I was about to push it in she told me to take it slow, since it had been a while since she'd last had sex. I wondered what was wrong with Phil, but that didn't seem like the right time to ask.

She gasped and squirmed a little as I pushed my cock inside her, but she appeared to enjoy it, so I kept on until I was all the way in. She felt very warm and wet as I started to fuck her. Her pussy felt like a soft, velvet glove over my dick. It was something I'd never felt before and I wanted it to last forever.

I ran my hands over her body, enjoying her soft flesh as I looked down at her face, which was twisted with pleasure. She began gasping as my pace picked up, and I ran my hands over her stockings. I hooked her knees under my arms and pulled them up to her chest so I could go deeper into her. She got more vocal as I finally pushed them up by her shoulders.

I picked up my pace even more as she began shaking and shuddering and moaning and gasping. I kept drilling her until she appeared to go into convulsions. Her juices actually shot out of her as she exploded in climax, soaking our crotches and saturating the bedspread as well. This turned me on no end, and then I really started pounding her as my climax quickly approached. I cried out with ecstasy as I shot my load deep inside her pussy.

When I looked down at her face, her mouth was contorted in a delicious smile, her eyes were closed and her breathing ragged. I asked if she was okay, and she nodded, still gasping for air as she told me that that was the strongest climax she'd ever had. It had been for me too, that was for sure.

When I pulled out of her I saw my come running out of her very wet, red and swollen cunt. The bedspread was soaked with a huge puddle of juice. Jesse was still lying there panting as I got dressed and left.

I still do odd jobs for her. Sometimes Phil is gone for weeks at a time and we take full advantage of that. There are times when I feel a little guilty, but then I think of Jesse in those sexy stockings and I get over the guilt real fast!

R.L.
Jackson, Mississippi

THE PICK-UP

Russ and I got to know each other for months through phone calls, webcam and instant messaging, so when it came time to meet him face to face, I didn't expect to be as nervous as I was. After all, he'd already seen me nude. He'd seen me pinch my own nipples and fuck myself to orgasm with various toys dozens of times. He'd had a closer look at my pussy than anyone except some ex-boyfriends and my gynecologist. I was so hot for his touch I knew that I'd be creaming all the way to the airport, but my sudden attack of nerves still really surprised me.

We had agreed to meet downstairs at the baggage claim. He was still halfway up the escalator when our eyes met, and at first I thought my heart was going to burst. My face was suddenly hot and my legs felt weak. Then he smiled, and it was the smile I recognized from hours of chatting with him over my webcam. My shaky sigh was half from relief and half from passion.

He was the same man I already knew, and he was even more handsome in person than online.

I just couldn't wait to get my hands on him!

He didn't lean forward to bring his lips to mine, the way a less passionate person would; as soon as he got close to me he reached out to place a hand behind my neck and pulled me to his face. That first kiss was amazing; there was so much tenderness and affection in it, but under it all was a throbbing desire that made me tremble. I don't know how it looked to the people standing around us, but it felt as if he was going to make me come, right there in baggage claim.

His lips were insistent, but as badly as I wanted to taste his tongue he teasingly withheld that pleasure. God, he was sexy beyond belief!

When he finally let go of me the world swayed a little. He said something, but the blood was roaring so loudly in my ears that I didn't hear him, and I just smiled like a giddy little schoolgirl. He smiled back at me and then took my hand and led me over to a baggage carousel, where we kissed while waiting for his luggage.

I began to regret my decision not to wear panties. He'd seen me once on the webcam in a short denim skirt and had remarked that someday he wanted me to pick him up at the airport wearing that skirt and no panties, "just in case." That had been months earlier. I doubted if he even remembered the conversation, but I thought the "just in case" remark was so adorable that I never forgot it. And of course I had followed his wishes.

Now, with Russ's lips on mine, I had to worry about the very real possibility that I was getting too wet to hide my arousal in a skirt that short and with bare legs. I could already imagine walking back to the parking lot with thighs that glistened with my own come.

There was a long underground tunnel leading from the airport terminal to the parking garage. It was lined with security cameras and was well lit, but it was rare to see more than half a dozen people in the tunnel at the same time, except during the Christmas travel season, so Russ and I had the passageway to ourselves. I'd parked on the far end of the structure, so we had to walk the entire length. That was fine with me, as every so often Russ would push me up against the tunnel wall and take my breath away with another kiss.

It was during one of those kisses that I first felt his tongue touch mine. Pinned up against the wall with Russ's tongue exploring my mouth, I felt a surge of hot, wet juice gush out of my pussy. My thighs were slick by that time, and my clit felt like a small burning pebble, hard and hot and begging to be rubbed. I moaned against Russ's lips. I could have come right there, and he knew it too, because he suddenly drew back and looked at me with his intense hazel eyes.

"I'm gonna fuck you senseless. You know that, right?" he said to me. My heart just about beat out of my chest. His domineering manner and bluntness took my breath away.

At the end of the tunnel we had to get into an elevator, and when the doors closed I couldn't stand it any longer. That time it was me who grabbed him by the neck and just crushed my mouth against his. That time it was my tongue in his mouth. He sucked on it in an eager way that made my pussy cream even more. His hand slipped down to the outside of my bare thigh, then back up the inside until he found my hot, wet slit.

There was no way I was going to be able to hold out for the hour-long drive back to my house. By the time we got out of the elevator and into my car I was so close to orgasm that I was panting. As soon as Russ was in the passenger seat he pulled me up against him. Before I could catch my breath his hand went up underneath my skirt and began exploring my pussy again. He found my clit and began to alternately rub it and tweak it between his fingertips. My hips rocked upward toward his hand. My pussy was on fire. "I'm gonna come," I warned him.

"Damn right you are," he said, sliding two fingers into my pussy.

I caught my breath, then moaned loudly as those fingers began to slide in and out of my gaping hole, the way I couldn't wait for his cock to do. I was so wet that his pumping action made a squelching sound that excited me even more. The scent of my excitement was musky and delicious. I bit down on my hand to keep from screaming when I came, but I couldn't hold back the muffled shrieks that came when I released a flood of hot juice and my body spasmed with one strong contraction after another.

Before I could catch my breath Russ's fingers were in my mouth, slick with my own come. He finger-painted my lips with pussy juice, and then he kissed me again deeply.

I had to have his cock right then. He was hard and straining at his fly, and I couldn't wait to taste him. He was rock-hard and oozing precome as I freed his marvelous tool. I didn't even bother to glance around to see if we were alone. I lowered my face to that luscious cock and used the tip of my tongue to taste the juices that seeped from the tip. Slowly, savoring each inch of flesh, I licked that cock from the hot, swollen head to his tight hairy balls and back. Then I sucked him into my wet mouth slowly, one inch at a time, as he moaned encouragement.

He tasted so good, just as I'd known he would. I began to fuck him with my mouth, bobbing my face up and down so that his hard cock reamed my throat like it was my pussy. His hands were buried in my hair, and now, holding on to me, he began to thrust his cock deeper, fucking my lips and leaving precome on my tongue.

His excitement pushed me over the edge again, and I rubbed my clit while I sucked his cock until we came together. Russ released one jet of hot come after another, filling my mouth as quickly as I could swallow. I thought he was going to come forever. I hoped that he would.

As I finished the last of his load, he pulled me up to him. He held my face in his hands and looked sweetly into my eyes. Then he swiped his tongue over my lips and shoved it into my mouth. Just as I was about to come again, he gently pushed me back and said, "Let's get going so I can eat that pussy of yours." I don't remember too much of the ride home but I know I got us there safely because we fucked in every conceivable position — and then some — all weekend long**.**

Name and address withheld

A JOB WELL DONE

Simon was a coworker and my fantasy man as well. He was everything I wanted in a man; I sensed he felt the same attraction to me but I wanted to keep things professional.

I sometimes caught him watching me when I bent over to get a folder out of a bottom cabinet drawer or leaned across my desk to answer the phone. I like wearing skirts with stockings and

thong panties underneath. When I bend over, the skirt tends to ride up my thighs, giving anyone who's watching a glimpse of skin.

A few months ago Simon was instrumental in our firm winning a huge contract, which got him a promotion . . . and a job in a different city! The day before he left he invited me to his office for a celebratory good-bye drink. I wasn't ready for the sudden urgency I felt at his offer. The thought of having his cock buried inside me made me tremble with desire.

When I entered his office, he was at his desk pouring out two drinks. I sat across from him and rested my high-heeled pumps on the edge of the desk, stretching out my long legs. While we sipped our drinks, chatting about nothing in particular, the air was electric with unspoken desire.

Finally he reached across the desk and ran his hand slowly up my leg and around to my inner thigh, stroking my silky skin. "All right, I'll say it," he murmured hoarsely. "You're driving me wild. Just thinking about being this close to your pussy gets me hard."

His words got me wet immediately. I got up and walked around to his side of the desk, bent over and brushed his lips. Spreading my legs, I straddled his lap so my skirt hitched high up on my hips. I was sure he felt the heat from my pussy radiating through his pants. He grabbed my ass and pulled me closer, groaning as I pushed my pussy up against his throbbing bulge.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "I'll let you shove your cock in me if you promise to fuck me hard and deep."

Our lips met in a warm kiss that soon turned into an blazing inferno. My nipples stood rigid against the material of my blouse. Simon undid all of the buttons, pulled the blouse off and probed the fullness of my breasts with his lips. As his tongue circled my nipples, his hands ran down along the small of my back until he reached my ass. He began rocking my pelvis slowly and rhythmically against his erection.

"I promise," he said. "I promise to fuck your pussy hard and deep."

I was aching for his big cock, but I couldn't let him have me yet. I squirmed off his lap and then sat down on the edge of the desk, spreading my legs so he could see my panties. He ran his hand all along the thong, and I moaned when he pressed my clit through it. He slid a finger under it and pulled it aside, exposing my shaved pussy. Bending down, he bit the inside of my thigh gently, then planted his mouth over my smooth, moist mound and started running his tongue over my slit.

"Oh my god," he growled, "your pussy's even sweeter than I imagined!" He flicked his tongue all along my clit, quickly at first, then more slowly, moving it in small circles. He brought his tongue to my opening and darted it in and out, then he stopped to suck on my throbbing clit.

Seeing him between my legs devouring my pussy made me even wetter. I was moaning loudly, and I knew he would make me come if I didn't stop him. Sensing this, he leaned me back on the desk, holding me down by my hands while working my nipples over and grinding his pelvis in my pussy. I wrapped my legs firmly around him and gasped, "I want to taste you first."

He let me push him off me and set him back in his chair. I undid his pants, and then went down on him, starting with long, slow licks on the underside of his shaft, working my way to the twitching head. I swirled my tongue around the ridge, flicking at his sweet spot before taking him all the way in.

I switched the depth of my strokes, thrusting my mouth over his shaft and then focusing on the head. He laced his fingers through my hair, tracking my head as it slid up and down him. He grunted as I sped up and slid his cock deeper in my throat. With one hand I stroked his shaft, and with the other I tickled between his ass and balls.

His moans became louder, his grip on my hair tighter. I thought he would explode down my throat. Suddenly he stood, flipped me around and bent me over the desk. I hung on to the edge as he grabbed my hips from behind and used his knees to spread my thighs apart wider. I arched my back, pushing my ass against him.

He lifted my skirt to my waist, exposing my ass and black thong. His hand slid over the thong, feeling the wetness there. I moaned as his fingers pressed against my clit. I pushed my pussy into his hand, and he massaged it.

In a deep voice he said, "You're so wet! I love a wet pussy." He slid a finger in and diddled me slowly. "You're so goddamn hot," he growled. "I can hardly wait to fuck you."

He stroked my G-spot while thumb-teasing my clit. I pushed my pussy down on his hand, fantasizing that it was his cock I was fucking. He withdrew it and with both hands tugged my thong down over my thighs, exposing my pussy completely.

I was moaning. "Fuck me!" I pleaded. "Ram your dick all the way in!"

I arched my back to its fullest, and my hair cascaded down my back as again I pushed my ass back at him. His cock touched my butt and twitched. Taking it in hand, he moved it to my pussy but stopped when it touched my opening. He made a game of torturing me, keeping his cock close to my hole, circling it, but never entering.

I looked over my shoulder, and our eyes locked. "Fuck me, now!" I cried.

He lunged, pushing his cockhead partway in me. I moaned and pushed back, trying to draw him deeper, but he was determined to do it his way.

He pulled back and proceeded to move his cock partway in and out of my cunt. My cries of lust and frustration must have filled the office. Finally he too couldn't wait any longer, and he rammed into me. For a moment he held himself still there, watching as I writhed and moaned, my pussy gratefully taking him in.

With his hands on my hips, he began to give me what we'd both wanted for so long, pulling me to him as he thrust and pushing off from me as he pulled out. My world was rocking out of control. I was gasping for air.

"Baby, I'm coming!" I cried. "Fuck me hard and deep!" He moved faster, his pelvis pressing my ass with every stroke. I screamed as I went over the edge. But he was still moving strongly.

"Christ, I'm gonna blast your pussy!" he panted. "I'm gonna fill you up!"

Bracing myself against the desk, I took his thrusts in, shaking and quivering with the power of his lust, as well as the aftermath of my own orgasm. I squeezed my muscles, trying to hold his manhood inside me. Then he groaned and thrust his cock, which convulsed as he pumped his come in me. He pulled out briefly to let it shoot on my pussy, then rammed it all the way back in and finished coming.

As we recovered our breath, we fixed our clothing and thanked each other for a splendid time. We talked of keeping in touch, but I think we both knew that wasn't going to happen. He was gone the next day.

N.U.
Ottawa, Canada

libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

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TONI AND WILLIE

Toni was by the pool in her apartment complex, thinking how lonely she was. She dived in the pool to cool off. When she got out, the cool breeze made her breasts firm and her nipples rigid inside her scanty bikini top. Her bikini left little to the imagination.

As she got out of the pool, beads of water rolled along her tanned, smooth skin, glistening from the sun hitting the water beads. All eyes were focused on her walking back to her lounge chair, including Willie's. He was two years older than she, just home from college. Though they'd more or less grown up together, he'd never looked at her the way he was looking at her then. He wondered, when did she grow up?

He watched her dry off and rub suntan lotion all over her body. He wanted badly to help her, but didn't know if she'd let him. He walked toward her. She thought of the terrible crush she'd always had on him, and of her disappointment that she wasn't his type.

"Hey, Toni," he said.

"Hi, Willie," she said, still rubbing some lotion onto her skin. He continued to stare, gathering up his courage. He wanted to touch her so badly that he felt it in his groin.

Finally she blurted, "So, what's up? Are you home for the summer?" She couldn't believe it! This was more than she'd ever said to him.

He just nodded and smiled. *God*, he thought, *I want to feel you up against me!* Then he saw his opportunity. She had missed a large spot in the middle of her back. "Hey, " he said, "should I get that spot on your back for you?"

She felt her body getting warm. A sensation came over her she had never felt in all her 19 years. "Sure," she said, "that would be great." She squirted some lotion in his strong hands and took a deep breath as he placed one on her back. Her heart beat faster, and her breathing sped up.

He felt her get excited. He rubbed the lotion into her skin slowly and placed his other hand on her shoulder. He rubbed with more passion, and she felt his excitement growing. She started to moan, but tried to keep it under her breath. He heard it, though, and grew even more aroused.

She imagined him rubbing every inch of her, and she finally managed to say, "Willie, would you mind putting some lotion down here?" pointing to the small of her back.

"Yeah, sure," he said, rubbing lotion in between his hands. As he rubbed lower on her back, his hand "accidentally" slipped under her bikini bottom. Tingles ran through her, making her long for more. His hands slid farther inside her bikini bottom and edged toward the front. He was sitting behind her then, and she felt his skin against hers and his erection against her ass.

Oh my gosh! she thought. When she moaned that time, she made damn sure he heard it! Her nipples were erect again, and she felt a throbbing in them that startled her. He rubbed up along her sides, around her neck and forward toward her breasts.

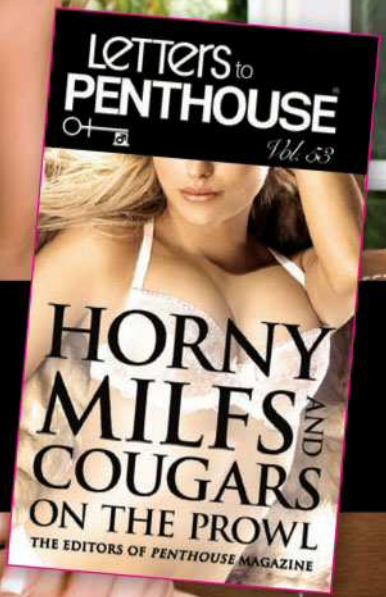
Neither was aware of their surroundings — suddenly they were alone at the pool — or of the passage of time. It had slipped away from them. He kissed her neck, and she backed into the kisses, encouraging him to go farther. He moved on to her shoulders, then he turned her around to face him. Her eyes went straight to the erection throbbing in his shorts.

He pulled her near. "Can I kiss you?"

"Yes," she said in a breathy voice.

They started to kiss and caress each other, and one thing led to another. He

YOUNG MEN WANTED



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untied her bikini top and let it fall to the ground. Her hard nipples called to him. He took them in his hands and rubbed them with his thumbs, then took one to his mouth. He suckled it and nibbled it then did the same to the other. She moaned and cried out.

Feeling herself getting wetter, Toni let her hand fall to Willie's hard-on. She had never been like that with a man and didn't know what to do next. She decided just to go with it.

She took his erection in her hand and stroked it while they continued to kiss and caress each other. His hands followed the curves of her body right down to her wet, sweet untouched area. She was warm and wet. She moaned and grabbed his arm while she stroked him faster. His member throbbed and pulsed in her hand.

He brought her up closer to him. As she let him pull her up on top of him, she began to wonder if the lounge chair would hold them. Again she felt his erection against her, and she wanted more of it. He caressed her and started to take off her bikini bottom. She stood up and let it fall, then proceeded to pull his swim trunks off.

She smiled at the beautiful penis she found and took a breath. She looked up at him smiling, thinking how beautiful he is and how glad she is he's going to be the one who deflowers her. It's what she dreamed of since she first had those kinds of feelings about boys.

Something came over Toni, and she bent down and took Willie's beautiful penis in her mouth, twirling her tongue around his shaft and caressing his balls.

Then he moaned!

Suddenly she felt somewhat more at ease, knowing that she had the power to make him feel good. She started out slow, and then sped up as her confidence grew.

Willie meanwhile was having a hard time trying not to explode in Toni's mouth. He moved his hand down to her warm spot and slowly inserted a finger, playing with the hard marble that her clitoris had become.

She moved faster on his hard cock, going with the same intensity that he was using on her. She felt the urge to use the bathroom, but knew she didn't want to leave him. They were both moaning and breathing hard. And then she exploded.

About to explode himself, he pulled her mouth off his erection and pulled her on top of him. She was excited, nervous, and ready to explore this new chapter in her life. He eased his erection in her and started to move in and out of her. She moaned.

Toni felt the pleasure taking her over and rocked with Willie in an opposite motion, breathing at the same pace. She felt an urge to scream, and her body shook with pleasure beyond anything she'd ever felt. She begged him to come inside her.

He moaned and thrust harder. They were both sweating. She grabbed his butt and held on for dear life as she exploded in orgasm. He wasn't too far behind. They lay there silent for a minute, taking it all in.

Finally Willie said, "Wow," and fell next to her on the lounge, kissing her.

She looked at him and said, "You weren't too bad yourself," with a grin that made him kiss her again.

Once they collected themselves they decided to take a dip in the pool, both sweaty and hot after their activities.

The summer was very hot and they were even hotter as they got together every chance they could and explored these newfound erotic feelings of lust.

V.K.
New York, New York

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LET'S PUT ON A SHOW!

When Liz and I met, each of us was in a bad relationship, but didn't know how to end them. We consoled each other, but never cheated on our lovers, no matter how tempted we were, until one night when Liz came over to my place unexpectedly.

I had just gotten out of the shower after having had yet another stupid argument with my girlfriend over the phone. My roommate Cliff was there with me, and I was sounding off to him about all of my problems when there was a knock at the door.

I went over to answer it and, looking through the peephole, was shocked to see Liz standing there. She'd never just stopped by before, for fear my girlfriend might be there. I opened the door and asked her if she was all right. She said yes, but she needed to know how I felt about her. I stammered a little, then said, "You know how I feel about you. I'm crazy about you, Liz. You're the one I want to be with."

And with that she was all over me.

She grabbed my head and smashed her lips onto mine, pushing me back into the room as she did. I was utterly shocked. I didn't quite know what to do, but my instinctive reaction was to grab her around the waist and kiss her back. We ended up tearing at each other's clothing. Well actually, I was only wearing a towel, so I was buck-naked in no time, which she seemed to enjoy. Somehow I managed to pull back for a second to get some perspective and to ask her if she was sure about this. Clad only in her panties then, Liz responded by dropping to her knees and grabbing my hard-on.

Just as she was about to take me into her mouth I heard someone clearing his throat, and then realized that Cliff was still there. I'd forgotten all about him what with the surprise of Liz's seductive entrance. Liz evidently hadn't noticed him either, but when she became aware of his presence she just looked up at me and winked, and then sucked my shaft like a pro.

I don't know which was more exciting, Liz's technique or that fact that my roommate was sitting there watching this hot, nearly naked babe engulfing my cock and slurping on it like a lollipop. All I know is my balls started tingling like never before. Liz, sensing my impending orgasm, stopped what she was doing then climbed onto my bed, spread her beautiful legs wide and told me to dive right in.

My head was still spinning from the amazing gyrations of her tongue on my dick, but I wasted no time in crawling up to her hot hole and inhaling her sexy scent through her thin panties. After teasing her I pulled the material aside and went at her cunt, lips and clit with my tongue and fingers. She was soon writhing like an animal in heat, moaning so loud I thought for sure my neighbors would start banging on the walls for us to shut up.

All that time Cliff didn't take his eyes off us, or his hand off his dick. He was jacking it like a madman. When Liz yelled out that she was coming I heard him give a loud, hoarse grunt, and I knew that my roommate was getting his rocks off as well.

Liz and I have been together from that day forward, and it's been wonderful. She loves being watched as we have sex, and I have to admit I rather enjoy it myself. We didn't do it for a while after we got married, but the urge overtook us again when we met Alan, our cute next-door neighbor.

Alan is single, and he'd come over occasionally for a drink or a swim in our pool. Each time he did I'd notice Liz

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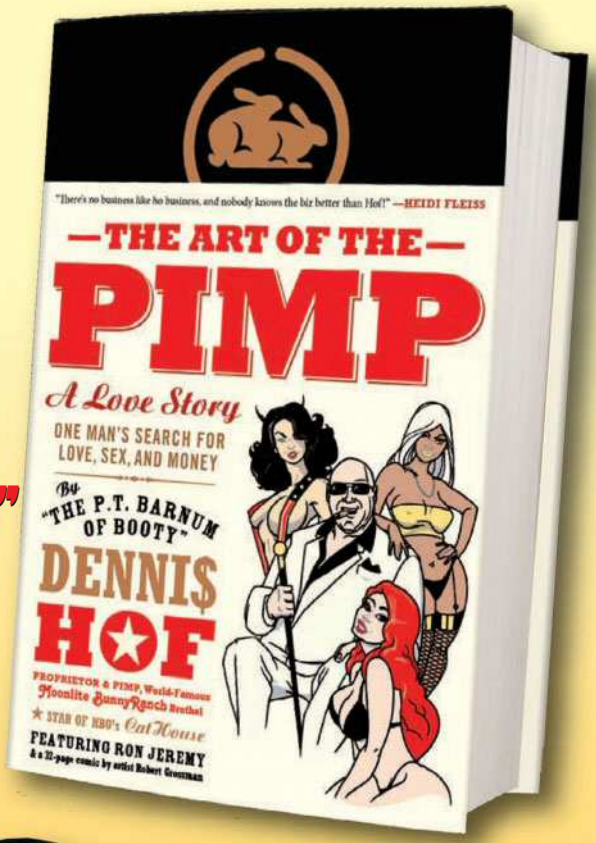

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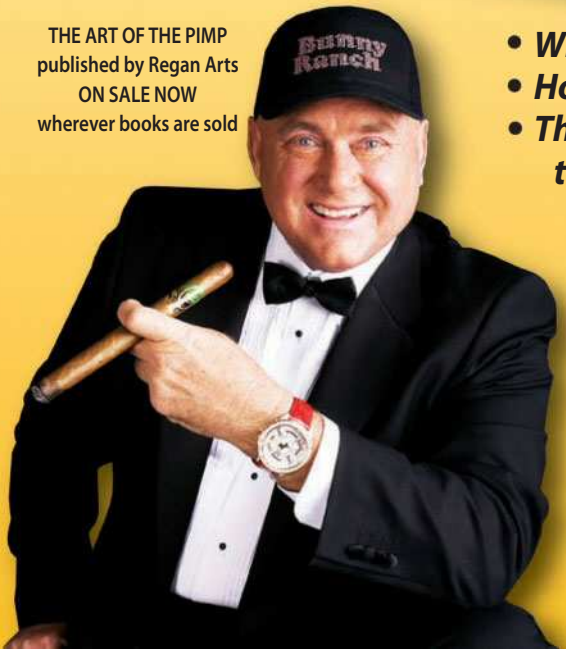

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paying close attention to his every move. I know my wife, and I knew she was drooling inside, thinking nasty thoughts about our neighbor being the next person we brought in to witness our sexual activity.

I finally talked to her about it, and we decided to ask Alan if he was interested. At first he thought we were joking. When we assured him we weren't, he said he'd never done anything like that before, but if we were sure, he'd be happy to oblige.

Alan came over on a Saturday, and Liz didn't waste any time. She came out on our deck dressed in a skimpy black bikini. The triangles of material on top barely covered her thick nipples. The bottom was a thin G-string that went snugly up her ass in back, nicely separating her beautiful globes, and barely covered her shaved cunt. There's a wide gap between her toned and sexy thighs, and when she had her back to us we could both make out just about every nook and cranny of her tempting pussy.

Alan was pleased, to say the least, and his trousersnake was soon at full attention. Liz, happy with the looks she was getting, decided that she wanted to just jump right in and fuck, so we obliged her wishes and followed her to the bedroom. She ran up ahead of us. When we got there we found her naked on all fours in the middle of the bed, shaking her ass in the air.

What a sight to behold! Liz's ass is perfect, the kind you can really grab a hold of, with nice rounded cheeks that fit in the palm of your hand. I wasted no time undressing and getting behind her, separating her orbs of glory and licking from asshole to clit while she gyrated her crotch into my face. Alan dropped his suit as well and took a seat from which he had a perfect view. His erection seemed to be a good six inches long, and he began to stroke it at a nice, slow pace. I was impressed, and I know Liz was too. I could see her looking at it as she slammed her ass harder against my mouth.

When I had gotten her good and lubed, I pushed her upper torso down onto the mattress so that her ass stuck up even higher; she rested her head on her forearms. She loves getting hammered like that, and it's my favorite way of fucking her too. I didn't bother about being nice and gentle; I knew she wanted to get fucked hard, and fuck her I did. I slammed all of my thick cock into her slick pussy, and she let out a moan and caught her breath.

I think Alan was surprised at the forcefulness of my thrusts, because I saw him give a little jump and raise an eyebrow, but once I started pumping I got lost in the feel of Liz's hot, tight box. God, she's still so tight after all the time! It's amazing, really. Considering how much we fuck, I keep expecting it to loosen up a bit, but no, she's as tight as she was when we first met.

So I grabbed hold of her hips and began slamming into her with hearty thrusts, and she met each one with a groan and a whimper. Like I said, she likes it hard and rough, and I always aim to please. I get in the zone when we fuck like that. My senses seem to become sharper as I concentrate on the incredible sensations, the feel of her body, the smell and taste of her, and the sounds she makes. I feel her pussy walls clutch at my cock with each thrust. When she convulses in orgasm her spasming hole draws out all my come to the point where I feel as though I might pass out.

That time was no different, except that Alan was there to add his own moans and groans to the mix, which

had both me and Liz getting off a lot quicker than we ever had before. As Alan yelled that he was coming, Liz wiggled her hips harder, her pussy twitching wildly and sending electric tingles through my cock, and suddenly my balls boiled over and I spewed streams of my jism into her. She too screamed through a gut-wrenching orgasm before she fell onto the bed, panting and sweating.

Alan thanked us for sharing such an amazing evening. He's been over many times since then. Liz and I have talked about taking it one step further by bringing Alan into the bed for a three-some with us. We'll let you know how things turn out.

R.D.
El Paso, Texas

MY BUKAKKE FANTASY

Here's my fantasy: I'm married to a big-busted beauty in her mid-thirties. She has long, naturally blonde hair that she normally wears pinned up, with two provocative strands that hang down along the sides.

In the fantasy we visit a casino resort for a few days. It's our first night, and we're in the casino. Antoinette's wearing a white miniskirt and a white lace blouse with a red bra and matching panties. She attracts a lot of male attention, especially from five men in their thirties who come over and start playing at our table. They're very friendly, and soon we're chatting amiably as we play. There's a good deal of drinking going on.

Antoinette gets really horny when she drinks, so I'm not surprised when, around one in the morning, she invites the guys up to our room. I've seen her get gang-banged several times in the past, so I'm okay with it, except for one thing — she's having her period.

In our room a couple of the guys immediately start feeling Antoinette up. She makes no objection. After some nuzzling and kissing, some of the guys suggest she do a striptease. She puts on some music and strips down to her red lace bra and panties. The men are going wild, but Antoinette puts kind of a damper on things when she says that she can't have sex with them because of her period.

The men are disappointed, but after a minute one of them brings up anal sex. Antoinette says maybe. Her round ass has been fucked lots of times, but it's still tight and not just any cock will work. So she has them strip down, and she selects the guy with the smallest cock to open her ass up.

She pulls off her bra and panties and gets on the bed with her butt on full display. The guy, really excited, gets behind her and the rest of us watch as he works his cock in her ass. After a few minutes he gets it all in, but he doesn't last long, coming within two minutes. The next guy takes up the position, enters her ass and lasts a little longer, but not much. The third guy gives her a proper pounding before pulling out and coming all over her ass.

Antoinette moans and rubs his jism into her skin, then rolls over onto her back. The last two guys kneel on the bed on either side of her head, and she sucks them alternately until they both come on her face, neck and tits. Once again she rubs the semen into her skin.

The guys all dress and leave. Antoinette is very happy and turned on. She tells me she loves the feeling of being splashed with come.

After that, she starts getting into having a bunch of guys stand around and come all over her. So we decide to host a party and do just that. We invite a bunch of men over, and she lets them fuck her a little bit but not come inside her. Then she has them jerk off on her and cover her with come. This becomes her favorite thing.

One Friday night we have seven guys over to our house, most of whom we've met on the Internet. Antoinette starts by doing a striptease, then sucks everybody's cock — but not to the point of coming. She lies down on a pad on the floor in the middle of the room, and several guys eat her bald pussy. A couple of them fuck her for a few minutes. Then they get next to her, one or two at time, and jerk off. When one group's done, another takes its place, and then the last group.

When the come has finally finished flying, Antoinette is literally coated with semen. She has me help her rub it into her skin and practically comes just from that. Next she says she wants to do a party with 10 guys.

D.M.
Juniper, Alaska

BANGING THE BUSBOYS

One night last month my wife Veronica and I dropped in to the country club to which we belong for an early-evening drink. Veronica is a very sexy woman of 35. She's of Hispanic descent and has short, curly black hair and a dark complexion. Standing five foot three and weighing 114 pounds, she has a perfect 36-24-36 body that drives men wild. Her breasts are high and firm, and her legs are fabulous. She's also a total exhibitionist; she always wears revealing skirts and dresses to show off that great body.

On this day she wore a bright red minidress over a pair of black panties with tan pantyhose. Not only were all of the club members obviously checking her out, but the waiters and the busboys were, too.

There was still some daylight left when we got there, and we sat out by the pool area. Veronica, as usual, was being very careless about her skirt, which had ridden up so far that anyone who cared to look could get a glimpse of the black panties underneath. More than once a busboy nearly dropped his tray as he walked by.

We stayed outside well after most of the other members had gone indoors, and finally we were the only ones out there, except for three busboys that were cleaning up. My wife did not fail to notice that they were still sneaking peeks at her every chance they got.

At one point Veronica decided to play a little game. Getting up from her seat, she walked over toward the pool, pretending that something on the ground had attracted her attention. As she moved over there, I saw all three of the guys following her with their eyes. When she reached the pool she turned toward them and squatted down with her knees apart, giving them a good look under her skirt. Then, apparently having picked up the thing she'd been looking at, she stood up and sauntered back to our table. She laid the imaginary object down on it and bent over as though to observe it more closely, causing her skirt to ride up in back until most of her panty-covered ass was exposed for everyone to see.

As she was still bent over, one of the busboys broke from the group and boldly moved closer to her. Veronica looked over her shoulder at him and smiled. I could see the beginnings of a hard-on in his pants. Veronica then straightened up and sat down in her chair, her skirt still high and her thighs exposed. Smiling at the busboy again, she asked him if he and his friends had enjoyed the show. He smiled back and nodded. Veronica now motioned for

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the other two guys to come closer as well. I could see their eyes glittering with excitement at this unexpected development as they did.

By then it was completely dark, except for the lights around the pool, and there was no one else in the area. Veronica asked the three busboys if they'd like to take a second peek, and of course the answer was yes. With that she stood up, turned around and pulled the hem of her dress up to her waist, showing the guys the whole of her rounded, silk-clad ass. Slowly they moved closer, and Veronica stayed as she was, not moving as they reached out to fondle her backside.

My own excitement was rising as I watched these guys feeling my wife's ass, and I began to rub myself through my trousers. I took a minute to glance around and make sure we weren't being watched, and when I looked back I saw that the guys had Veronica's pantyhose and panties pulled down to her knees and were now fondling her smooth bare skin. Veronica threw her head back, moaned and spread her feet apart as one of them boldly slid his finger into her pussy and began to pump it in and out.

Seeing that Veronica was evidently open to further play, the guy removed his finger, then stepped up behind her and dropped his pants. He quickly looked over at me, and when I said nothing he found her opening with his cock and began to enter her. Another low moan came from Veronica's open mouth as this young man slowly and smoothly slid into her. He then commenced a quick fuck that lasted only a minute or two while his coworkers stood by, watching them and apparently waiting for their turn.

The guy shot off inside her and was quickly replaced by one of the others, who didn't last much longer than the first. When he pulled out, the third guy took his turn and lasted a little longer, just enough for Veronica to climax before he came and pulled out. Veronica then reached down and pulled her panties and pantyhose back up, with come already running out of her pussy.

When we got home I grabbed Veronica and threw her on the bed. Within seconds my head was buried between her slutty legs. I inhaled the scent of her lovers and drank their come from her cunt. She always knows how to put a smile on my face.

R.W.
Trenton, New Jersey

WELCOME HOME, HONEY!

It all started one night about five years ago. I was supposed to be out of town on business and had planned on being back on Thursday evening. I was lucky in that my meeting had finished early, meaning I was able to catch an earlier flight home. I was all excited, as I'd be able to surprise my wife and possibly take her out to eat.

My wife Alana comes from a very strict and very religious family. She was still a virgin on our wedding night. She's no fashion model, but she has beautiful blue eyes and nice blonde hair, small but firm breasts and a tight, rounded ass. What I love best about her is her playful attitude and her willingness to try new things.

Well, I was on my way home, and as I turned the corner, I saw a truck in our driveway that I had never seen there before. I pulled up and got out of the car quietly and opened the front door, then listened to see if I could hear her, but I couldn't.

I went upstairs and she wasn't there. I checked down in the basement, but she wasn't there, either. I finally looked

out the patio window to the backyard, and I saw her sucking some big guy's cock. It looked to me like he was a construction worker.

I guess he must have had a big cock, because I could make out her saying how much she loves a big, long thick cock and how she couldn't wait to have that monster stuffed up her cunt. Then she said that if he did a good job fucking her, she'd suck him hard again and she could take him up the ass.

Alana would sometimes say things like that to me when we made love, but she'd never follow through with taking me up her ass. So I sat back and watched to see how far this would go. She sucked him for about 15 minutes, then he went down on her and ate her pussy and her asshole.

When she was dripping wet, he took his monster and slowly worked it up her pussy, letting her get adjusted. As she did, he began to pick up his pace. Soon he was in her up to his balls and giving it to her like a jackhammer. Alana was screaming and telling him how great it felt, that this was something she had never felt with her husband. Then she arched her back and came, long and hard.

The guy was fucking her like mad by that point and said that he was about to come and wanted to know where to shoot his wad. Alana wrapped her legs around his waist and said deep in her pussy. All of a sudden he shouts for her to get ready for him because he was gonna have her ass.

She did as he said and told him to lie on his back. She got above him and grabbed his cock, and then she worked that monster slowly up her ass.

From where I was, I could see it her taking him inside. I was stunned that she was able to take it all the way in. He let her get used to the size of it and

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quickened his pace. Just like before, he was going like a jackhammer.

Alana was about to come when she shouted, "Blow your load up my ass!" Just like that, they came together.

Her boyfriend was spent and gathered his clothes. I hid in the closet waiting for him to leave.

When I heard his truck start, I came out of the closet and looked for Alana. I found her upstairs on our bed, naked and waiting for me. She said she saw me watching and asked how I liked the show. I told her it was the most incredible thing that I had ever seen.

Alana shared that she had been taking lovers for a couple of months, but that it was just for sex. She swore she loved me and only me. I responded by eating out her pussy then blasting her with a load of my own. Life is good!

L.E.
Santa Barbara, California

SWINGING AND SHAVING

I'm a 53-year-old widower, six feet tall and 220 pounds, with a very thick, circumcised cock. I often make contacts with women through swingers' sites on the Internet, and last week I sent an e-mail to a very attractive lady named Marie, whose listing led me to believe that she was quite open-minded and was looking to have some new adventures. I gave her my cell phone and office phone numbers. Shortly thereafter, on a Saturday afternoon, Marie called my office.

Our conversation was pleasant, and the information we exchanged seemed to indicate that we would be compatible. Before we hung up Marie had agreed to meet me later that night, and she'd even shown some interest in my suggestion that we attend a local swingers' club, where I was a member. She said she'd pick me up, so I gave her directions to my house and went home in anticipation of a rather interesting sexual encounter.

My past experiences with meeting women on the Internet haven't all been Champagne and roses. Far from it; some were more than a little scary. But, as they say, hope springs eternal in the hearts of fools and lovers.

Marie called me from her cell phone as she was nearing my house, and I went out to meet her. As she got out of her car she swung her legs in my direction, nearly blinding me with their length and shapeliness. As she got to the house I was completely awed by what a beauty she was.

The first thing I told her was that the photo on the Internet didn't do her justice. She was about five foot nine and very well formed at 130 pounds. Her long dark hair was attractively coiffed, and she had a dazzling smile and penetrating blue eyes. Her low-cut spaghetti-strap top showcased a luscious set of firm D-cup breasts.

I invited her in and gave her a drink, and we sat and talked for a little while before going out to dinner.

Our conversation centered on our possible visit to the swingers' club. I told her that the theme for the night was "Pimps and Hos," and she seemed amused. She told me she'd never had group sex before, had never had a bisexual experience, but that she was curious and willing to explore. It all sounded very promising.

After dinner we drove to the club, and once there I took Marie on a tour. The club offers diverse play areas, suitable for everything from one-on-one to group sex. I was well known there, and was rather popular because of my particular fetish, which is shaving pussy hair in an artistic manner. Some of the women solicited my shaving services,

and I told them I would get around to them later in the evening, figuring that if that fetish of mine didn't scare Marie off, nothing would.

We drank for a while and watched the female members, in various states of dress and undress, play at being hookers, in tune with the theme of the evening, pretending to solicit money for their favors. We danced a bit, necking and rubbing our bodies together. Marie's body language made it more than clear that she was there for the long haul. Afterwards we wandered around and observed some of the activities that were going on in the various rooms.

At one point a couple I met on a previous visit came over and the wife, Enid, offered me a blowjob for $500. While Marie spoke to Enid's husband, George, Enid dropped her top, exposing a beautiful pair of solid C-cup tits with long nipples. She unzipped me and proceeded to suck me expertly until I came down her throat.

By then a couple of the ladies I had promised to shave were getting impatient, so I went out to the car and got my shaving kit, then set myself up in one of the smaller rooms. My first customer was a woman named Charlotte, whom I'd shaved a few months before and who eagerly wanted to repeat the experience. There were at least two more women after her who wanted to be shaved, and a crowd soon gathered around us to watch.

Marie watched too, looking both surprised and amused. George was behind her, and from the way she was squirming around I was pretty sure he had his hand up under her dress.

"So this is what you do in your spare time?" Marie said, grinning. "When are you going to shave me?" I told her I had a special session in mind for her. "Well, okay," she said. "But right now I think I'm going to go fuck George, if that's okay with you."

I gave her my blessing and went back to what I was doing as she and George disappeared off into another room, with Enid following them.

When I had finally finished up shaving the last lady, I packed up my kit and went to find Marie. I discovered her in one of the small activity rooms. George was indeed fucking her, and Enid was sitting and watching them. Marie seemed to have taken to the club like a duck takes to water. There she was, naked except for a string top, which now hung around her waist, exposing those beautiful breasts. She was on her back, legs up in the air, twisting and moaning with pleasure as George pumped away.

As soon as Enid saw me she pulled my pants down and began caressing my thick cock, licking it in anticipation of getting her turn. I stripped the rest of the way, then climbed onto the mattress and kissed Marie, while playing with her firm nipples. She breathlessly said George had finger-fucked her to orgasm and had then eaten her juicy, hairy pussy before he'd begun to fuck her. As she lay there telling me that, Enid began sucking on my cock until it got hard again.

George finally got tuckered out and climbed off Marie. I immediately went down on her, licking and sucking her very tasty pussy until she came.

Then I decided it was time to fuck my new Internet friend. Even though she had just been fucking George, her pussy was the tightest, smoothest, most tightly clenching hole I'd had the pleasure of entering in quite a while. While I fucked her, Enid moved up and started kissing her and sucking on her nipples. Marie responded happily, and

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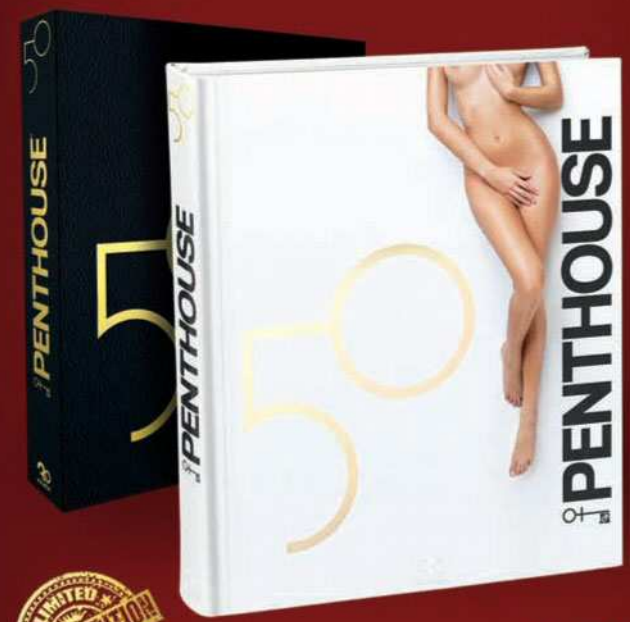

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even explored Enid's pussy. Marie's first bi experience was beautiful to watch. Here I was on a date with a sexually responsive and totally uninhibited lady, open to any experience. I couldn't believe my good fortune. And yet the best was still to come.

The action finally wound down, and by that time it was close to two in the morning. George and Enid left, saying they hoped to see us again. I asked Marie if she wanted me to take her home, but she reminded me that I had promised to give her pussy a special shave. So we headed to my house.

Once there we stripped without ceremony and got down to business. I shaved her sweet pussy almost completely, leaving only a small triangle to set it off. It had to be one of the prettiest pussies I'd ever seen.

Having cleaned everything up and dried her off, I proceeded to do what I think of as "signing my work." The "signing" is done with my mouth and consists of a good deal of teasing, licking and sucking before getting down to some serious clit-strumming with my tongue. Marie had a lovely explosive orgasm in short order, followed by another as I rubbed her G-spot and sucked on her clit at the same time.

Marie left in the morning, assuring me that she couldn't wait till we got together again, adding she wanted to go back to the swingers' club. I couldn't believe my luck in finding someone like Marie who shared my sexual tastes. I'm thrilled I didn't let my past bad experiences scare me off.

Name and address withheld

DEAR ABBY

I consider myself an exhibitionist.

When I was in college I rented a room in a house owned by a married couple who were in their early forties. The man, Dirk, was some kind of executive who traveled a lot on business. His wife Abby was a slender and still attractive brunette with a nice-looking body. Her legs were long and shapely, and more than once when I saw her walking around in shorts I had some pleasantly salacious fantasies.

One Saturday afternoon, after taking a shower, I lay down to masturbate on a little sofa in my room. The sofa was next to a window, and at first I didn't notice that there was a small gap in the curtains. But as I was stroking my cock I happened to look over there and I saw that Abby was outside, planting flowers. The sun was behind her, and I could just make out her shadow, so I couldn't really tell if she was watching me, but I imagined that she was, and I began to really put on a show for her as I jerked myself off. It was amazing! After that, I made the gap in the curtains a little bit wider.

The next Saturday I made sure to take a shower at about the same time. Then I lay down on the sofa again, that time keeping a towel around my lower body. Sure enough, she was there. I still couldn't really see her face, but I saw her starting to move closer to the window. By then I was almost sure she was watching, and I made a big production of whipping off the towel. When she didn't move, I started playing with myself, and I even began moaning loud enough for her to hear. Then I started getting really excited, and when I came I nearly forgot about her. I was scooping my semen from my chest and licking it from my fingers when I remembered that I had an audience. I looked over just in time to see her move away from the window.

That happened two more times, and I was having a ball. Then, one Saturday when her husband wasn't home, Abby

and I were in their living room watching TV when I casually announced I was going to go take a shower. Abby said she was probably going to do some watering out back.

I took my shower and walked naked to my room, but instead of lying on the sofa I went straight over to the window with my raging hard-on, opened the curtains and said loudly, "Hey, Abby, why don't you come in where you can get a better view?"

Well, she must have turned eight different shades of crimson, but she finally came back into the house, and a moment later she was at the door of my room. She started to apologize, but I stopped her and just asked if she wanted to watch me. She nodded.

I lay down on my bed and began to play with myself while Abby sat on the side of the bed and watched. I lasted as long as I could, finally spurting a huge load that landed all over my chest. I looked at Abby to see her staring at my pulsing cock. She looked up into my eyes as I licked the come from my fingers. I reached out then, took her hand and guided it to my still hard penis.

Slowly she began to stroke it, then wrapped her fingers around it and started jerking me off in earnest. This went on for about 10 minutes, until I was squirming and ready to come again. She didn't stop. That time when I exploded there was much less come, but it flew everywhere. Some of it ran down onto her hand. Looking into my eyes, she brought that hand to her mouth and licked off my sperm.

We had a long conversation after that. Abby told me her husband never let her watch him masturbate or jerk him off. He would never have thought of tasting himself, and wouldn't even come in her mouth. I listened for a long time as she told me all this, occasionally stroking my cock. When it started to get hard again she asked me if I could come another time. I said I'd try it for her, and I did. That time she tried to catch my jism in her mouth.

After that, whenever her husband wasn't around she would either watch me jerk off or do it to me herself. She learned to be very good at it, and it got so she could bring me off in three minutes or tease and torture me for hours.

Abby and I played that game for about six months before I moved away. She made my stay there a great one, and I'll always remember her eagerness at watching me masturbate.

T.W.
Honolulu, Hawaii

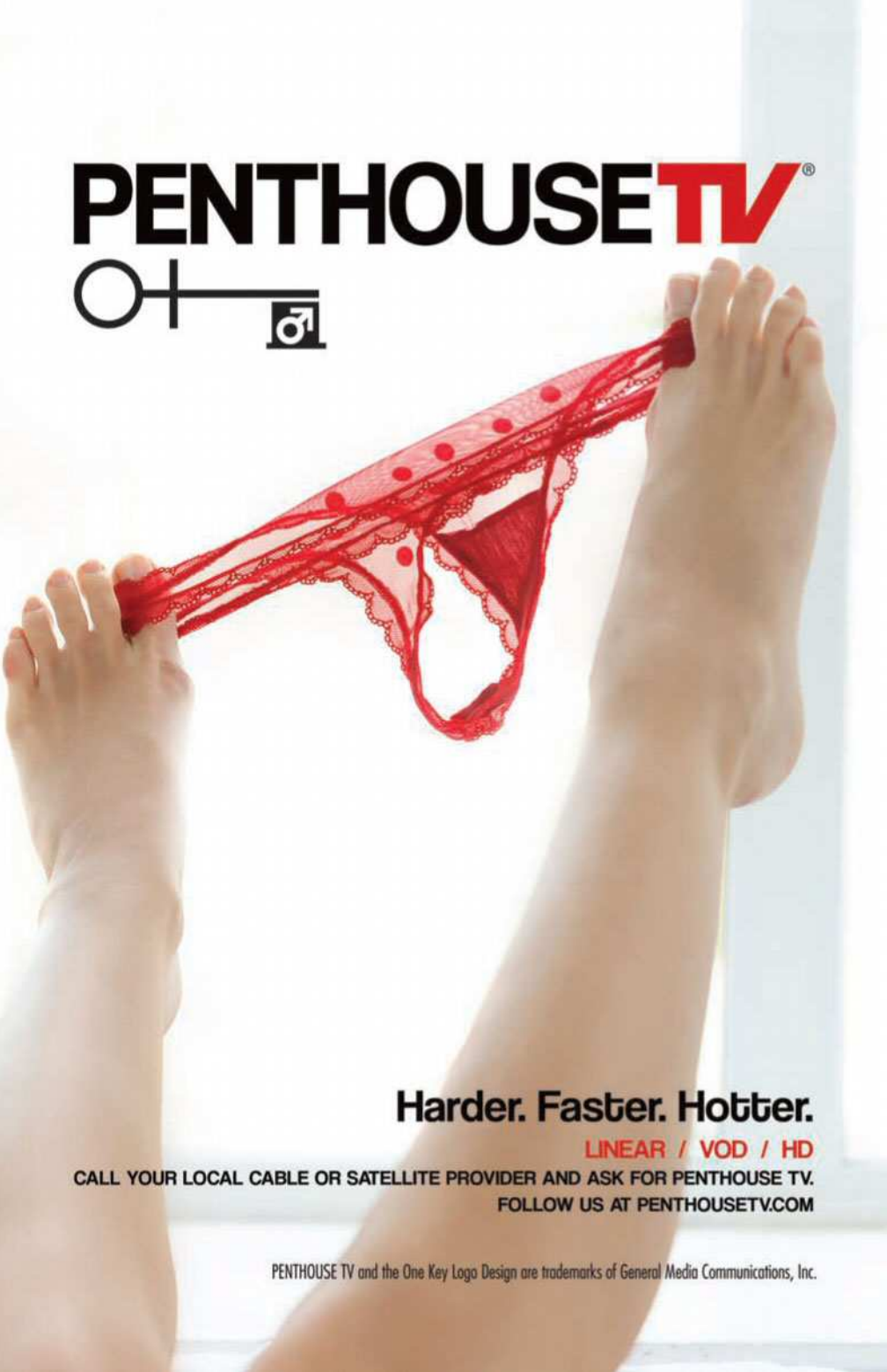
A SURPRISE THREEWAY

I got a call from my pal Marty, who owns a furniture company. He needed my help loading a truck so it could go out in the morning. He said to meet him at a bar near his house. We'd have a couple of beers, then get to work. We help each other a lot, so I said it was no problem.

I told my wife where I was going, and then met Marty at the bar. Change of plans, he said — we didn't have to load the furniture after all. We downed a couple, and he invited me to his house for a drink. He said his wife Molly would be mad if I didn't stop in.

I followed, and when we arrived, he said to wait in my car a minute; he wanted to play a trick on his wife. Marty's practical jokes can get annoying, but he insisted, and I played along.

A few minutes later he came to the door and told me to come in but be quiet. Molly was standing in the living room wearing a zippered housecoat and a blindfold. He led her to me. "Here's your surprise, baby," he said, putting her hands on my chest.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"Oooh!" Molly said, as she began rubbing my chest. I got uneasy, and didn't want her to embarrass herself, so after a while I removed her blindfold. She didn't seem upset. They laughed, and Marty went in the kitchen to get us all drinks.

When I sat down on the couch, Molly dropped to her knees in front of me and pulled my pants down, asking if I had any problem with that. Trying not to look as startled as I was, I said she knew I didn't. She's always known I think she's hot. "I have no problem, but what about Marty?" I said.

She took my dick out and deep-throated me. At that moment Marty walked in, drinks in hand. I didn't know what to do, so I just pointed at his wife and shrugged. He set the drinks down, undid his pants, got on his knees and fucked his wife from behind. She went right on with my blowjob. I'd never had one like it.

After a while Marty got up and sat down on the couch beside me, saying, "Hey, I want some of that too, baby." Molly took her mouth off of me and sucked him while I watched.

I'd always wanted to fuck Molly. I got behind her to see what her pussy felt like. It was wet and hot. I slid my dick inside and fucked her while she blew Marty. When I was about ready to come I said so, thinking they'd want me to pull out, but Marty said, "I hope you can keep going, man, 'cause she's nowhere near being done!"

I fucked Molly like there was no tomorrow but she stopped me before I could blow. She said she wanted to ask me if I was interested in trying something. I asked what it was, and he explained they'd been watching an X-rated video that featured a three-way. The woman took one cock in her pussy and one in her ass. That's what Molly wanted. It's why Marty called in the first place. The furniture loading was a ruse. He said he'd told Molly the same story, to surprise her, but I suspected she was in on it all along.

She had me lie on the floor on my back. Just the thought of what she wanted to do had me very excited. She straddled me and sat on my dick, and then bent over to present her ass to her husband. She was well lubed with come, so Marty got between my outstretched legs and started to work his cock in her asshole.

Molly groaned, obviously enjoying being fucked in both holes. Once or twice Marty slipped out and his dick rubbed my balls. Evidently being that close to my cock bothered him, and he lost his hard-on.

He stood beside his wife, who tried to suck him back to life while riding my cock. When that didn't work, she had him sit on the couch and blew him again. I got behind her and sank my dick in her pussy. After a nice fuck, I pulled out, and then started to work my cock in her ass.

Molly, looking at me over her shoulder, said, "It's so big!" I didn't say anything, but I didn't figure that would help Marty's limp dick. However, she urged me to fuck her hard, and I did. I also reached around and stuck two fingers into her cunt, rubbing them back and forth. She moaned loudly around Marty's dick, which must have gotten hard finally, because I heard her voice change as it hit the back of her throat.

But it was too late. Molly was coming, and the whole scene just drove me over the edge, shooting in her ass.

As I caught my breath, she thanked me for helping her out and said she hoped we could do it again. So do I!

H.P.
Miami, Florida

A PRESENT FOR HER

A few weeks ago I was at a bar after work, and a couple in their late forties introduced themselves as Thomas and Viv and bought me a drink.

They were nice people. Viv was sort of plain, with long hair and a medium build. She had on a low-cut top even though she didn't have big boobs, and her skirt was cut to mid-thigh. We got along, but no sparks. I wasn't looking anyway, especially with a couple. I'm 32 and divorced but not desperate.

When I left, they did too. In the parking lot Thomas asked nervously if I'd like to come back to their place for a drink. I thought what the hell and said, "Sure." I followed them to a nice house. We had drinks and talked.

Out of the blue Thomas said, "I'll leave you two now," got up and left the room!

I just looked at Viv, who smiled and sat by me on the couch. Her hand went to my thigh and slid up to my crotch. She didn't make eye contact. It dawned on me; they picked me up for me to have sex with her.

Thomas was probably watching, but I didn't see him. Did he have a camera?

Viv pulled my cock out and went down on me. She was tense at first; then she relaxed. She gave a good blowjob — good, but not great. After a few minutes she just stopped. She stood up and slid her skirt off but left her top on. She had a white thong on which made her ass look appealing.

She knelt on the floor with her ass facing me, doggie-style. She looked back at me but said nothing. Her ass looked good, though. I got off the couch and got behind her, running my hands over her thighs and ass, squeezing and slapping lightly. I rubbed her pussy through her panties, feeling the wetness. She arched her back, and I kissed her ass cheeks as I tugged her panties down to her knees.

I bent down and kissed her lightly haired pussy. I probed both holes with my fingers, and she moaned. I worked my fingers in her pussy awhile, kissing her as I worked a finger deep in her ass. I added another finger to her ass, and she moaned loudly. Then I had three fingers in her cunt and two in her ass, stretching both as wide as her body would allow.

Deciding it was time to go farther, I got in close and rubbed my cock over her pussy, then slid in her and held her ass while I fucked her. Eventually I gave her an apparent climax.

I pulled my cock out and put it to her ass. She tensed up. I leaned over and told her to relax, but she stayed tense. I held her by the waist and entered her. Her gasps and pants came quickly, so I stopped a few seconds before making a big push, which caused more gasps and squirming.

I fucked Viv's asshole, savoring each thrust. As she relaxed and started to enjoy it, I picked up my pace. I gripped her butt and hips tightly. With a groan I climaxed in her ass.

As I got dressed and ready to leave, Viv was still breathing heavily. I thanked her and as I grabbed the doorknob, sure enough, there was Thomas peering out from behind a large plant.

F.S.
Reno, Nevada

A PRE-MEETING MEETING

I was headed downtown for a meeting with clients but allowed myself time to stop at the gym for a women's weightlifting class. After class, I showered and put on my business suit.

I still had time before my meeting, so I decided to head to the coffee joint down the street to do some last-min-

ute preparation for my clients. But as soon as I walked in, everything else went out of my head as my eyes went to a guy sitting at one of the tables working away at his laptop.

He was wearing a crisp suit and a starched shirt; I even noticed the sheen of his tie. He glanced up and noticed me as well, but I left it as one of those mutually admiring glances that happen between two adults.

I ordered coffee, but couldn't help looking over at him again. No doubt about it, there was just something about the guy that was stirring up a tingle between my legs. I felt the heat building up when I realized that his gaze had intensified to a very masculine once-over. It was like his eyes were burning into me.

I settled my things several tables away from his, set up my own laptop and fumbled around with my client notes. I glanced over at him again; he was blatantly staring at me. I couldn't believe how wet this was making me. I tugged the skirt of my suit down a little to readjust everything, but I also took off the suit jacket so he could get a better glimpse of me.

I was having evil thoughts, imagining kissing him, when he got up and walked over to my table. He sat down and wordlessly leaned in toward me. I cannot describe the shock I felt when I felt his hand slide up my skirt. We were in a more private part of the coffee place, but I still had to look around to see if anyone had noticed this outrageous behavior. I saw nothing, not even a raised eyebrow. No one had taken notice!

"My name is Gary," he said as his eyes stared into mine. I was paralyzed, transfixed by his hands and how quickly my pulse was racing. Here he was, a complete stranger, doing things that

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my husband had never done to me, certainly not in a public place!

Gary leaned in closer, and his hand moved up my thigh to my soaking panties. I smelled myself at this point, and my gaze wouldn't leave his. He pushed my panties aside, and his fingers ran up my pussy lips. His index finger penetrated me, and I gasped.

I couldn't believe how much I wanted to fuck Gary. I'd never felt anything so carnal. Again I looked around desperately to see if anyone had figured out what he was doing. Still no one!

Nevertheless, I had to pull away to catch my breath. I got up and made my way to the restroom.

He followed close behind!

We slid into the men's room and locked the door. He pushed me against the wall, pulled my head to his and kissed me roughly. His knee spread my legs apart, and he pressed his hard cock against my hips. He kissed and bit his way down my neck. I felt his stubble leave its mark on me and his saliva leave a trail down my neck.

When he got to my chest, he pulled my top down and then removed my bra. He licked and sucked and playfully bit my nipples while I tried hard to stifle my moans. The sensation lit a bonfire in my pussy and somehow increased my desire. God, I wanted him!

Just then he stood up and pulled me up onto the edge of the sink. He leaned me back, and then crouched between my thighs. He reached up and began to pull my panties down while he kissed up and down along the inside of my thighs.

Once he had my panties completely off, he pushed my skirt up, revealing my shaved pussy. He took a slow lick and parted my lips. His tongue circled my clit for a while, and then he dived into my cunt.

I just kept getting hotter and hotter. I was unbelievably close to coming at this point. And then he stopped and said to suck him. He kissed me hard, and I tasted myself on his mouth. He undid his belt and his pants, and released his cock from its confines.

There was urgency in his eyes, but I took my time. I licked and nibbled my way up his thigh, then slowly took his left ball in my mouth and sucked it, then did the same with the right. I still hadn't touched his erection.

My tongue made its way to the base and licked the underside all the way up to the tip. I got a firm grip on the base and stroked it while my lips slid over the head. Now I let my lips move up and down the shaft. Gary was holding my head, guiding my rhythm. I felt him shake every time he slid his cock in me.

I stood up to kiss him, but the urgency now was too intense for him. He turned me around so my hands were hanging on the sink, and we watched each other in the mirror as he slid his cock in me from behind. He started slowly, but it didn't take long before he was fucking me hard and fast. I felt each thrust penetrating deeper in me, pushing me to the limit.

My pussy was getting warmer. He leaned in and bit my neck and earlobe, which was fine with me! He reached around and started to rub my clit. He placed his hand over my mouth to muffle my cries, not long before he reached his peak and started to spill his come. I felt the heat of his jets of jism streaming deep inside me.

He turned me around and kissed me again. He slid out of me, zipped up his pants and tightened his belt. Then he turned and walked out.

I turned to look at myself in the mirror again and began readjusting myself so I looked decent again. I still smelled

him on me. His cream ran down my thighs. Once I cleaned up, I left the restroom and looked for him in the coffee place. He was gone!

Time flew and I needed to get to my meeting. I packed up my things and under my laptop there was a business card. It was Gary's. Guess I'll be seeing him again after all!

H.G.
Baltimore, Maryland

FUN AT THE CLUB

When my wife Chrissy and I first met some years ago, she had only had two lovers in her life and was somewhat prim and proper. It wasn't that she didn't like sex, because she does, but she believed in being monogamous and would never dream of cheating. But after years of hearing me fantasize about threesomes, her attitude gradually began to change.

It all started a year ago, when she started chatting on the Internet. It was all very innocent at first, but when the guys she talked to would make suggestive remarks, she saw no harm in responding in a flirtatious, even sexy, manner. Things developed, and soon she was being asked on dates, which she always declined.

One day she asked what I thought of the idea of her actually meeting one of the men she chatted with. Of course I encouraged her to try it, and shortly after that she told me she had arranged to meet a military officer, saying that it was only for a drink and a talk. But I was pretty sure that wasn't what the man had in mind.

I watched Chrissy get ready for her date. She put on a nice blue business suit with a short skirt and tan stockings. She looked great. She's 29 years old. Her hair is reddish brown, her eyes a gorgeous green. Her tits are full and

firm, her body is as slender as a girl's and her long fine legs can still make my cock hard.

She left about seven in the evening and didn't return until around ten the next day. She looked a mess, and her pussy was sloppy and swollen. Obviously they had fucked all night. Chrissy admitted this to me, and when she saw that it turned me on rather than making me jealous, she was encouraged to try it again.

The military man became a regular lover of hers until he left for a tour out of the country a few months ago. After him there were others, but the wildest thing she has done so far took place about three weeks ago.

Chrissy and her best girlfriend, Nora, a very attractive brunette, went out to a club one night to have some fun. They both dressed in short skirts and low-cut tops, and as soon as they got inside the club guys were all over them, buying drinks and trying to get them on the dance floor. They were on the dance floor most of the night, and as time went on, hands began to wander.

The guys were groping Chrissy's lovely 36Cs and round ass every chance they had, and she loved it. Many of them had hard-ons, and Chrissy loved the feel of them pressing against her. Before long, her pussy was dripping wet and her panties were soaked.

Things really got wild, and after a while Chrissy lost Nora in the crowd. She was surrounded by about a dozen guys, being passed from one to another while they all copped feels of her breasts and ass. They were putting their hands up her short skirt and feeling her pussy, and also playing with her braless tits. Chrissy did her share of fondling also, and more than once she felt that she was on the verge of coming right in front of them.

At one point she managed to get away to go to the bathroom, and while she was in there she slipped off her thong panties so the guys could get a better feel of her juicy cunt. When she returned she was actually fingered to orgasm several times.

Naturally all the guys wanted to take her home, or at least take her out to the parking lot to fuck her. She was tempted but begged off, saying she had to take her friend home.

As they waited outside for a cab, one guy Chrissy had danced with went up to her to apologize for his behavior. Chrissy told him not to be silly, because she'd had fun. The cab was taking a while to show up, and Nora told Chrissy she wanted to use the bathroom and would be right back.

When she was gone Chrissy led the guy around the side of the building, where she quickly undid his pants and dropped to her knees to suck his cock.

It didn't take long for him to come, and as she was swallowing his sperm she looked up and saw another guy standing there. The guy she'd been sucking said, "This is my friend Walt," and Chrissy motioned him over and took his cock into her mouth too. She sucked him like no tomorrow, and he quickly came in her mouth just as his buddy had done.

They helped Chrissy to her feet, and she headed back out front just as Nora came back out and the cab arrived.

She was all over me when she got home. You'll never hear me complain!

L.P.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

THE WILD, WILD WEST

As we walked through the pasture I motioned for Roger to come into the barn with me. The sweet smell of hay and cedar chips filled the air, and the

GET IN THE PINK! CALL NOW!

sounds of sweet country music played softly on our little portable radio.

Inside the barn were two wooden columns about 12 feet apart, each with an eyehook and six feet of lead rope attached to it. I smiled at Roger and asked him if he would like to be tied up, but I already knew the answer.

I quickly helped him get undressed, and then bent down for a moment to lick the head and shaft of his already swollen organ. I took a box from a nearby shelf and removed two black leather wristbands with metal rings attached. I gently kissed each of his hands before tightening the wristbands and connecting the metal rings to the brass hooks at the end of each lead rope. I then tightened and secured them so that his arms were stretched gently out to each side.

He watched as I slowly removed my jean skirt and blouse. Wearing only my black boots and a lacy black thong, I swayed gently to the music. Smiling, I let my eyes drop to his now hard and hungry cock, waiting to be pleasured. He looked so beautifully helpless that way that it sent overwhelming waves of lust through my body.

Moving slowly toward him, I started sensuously kissing his face. Moving down to his neck, I licked and nibbled playfully, slowly breathing in his manly scent. I pressed wet kisses into his body, nuzzling my face against his skin.

Plastering my body to his, I ducked under his outstretched arm and slowly slid around behind him, pushing my pelvis hard against his ass, my breasts mashed into his back. I massaged his shoulder with one hand, while the other reached to his cock. I ran my fingers from the bottom of the shaft up to the head, swirling one of them around in the liquid seeping from it.

I heard Roger draw a ragged breath in anticipation, but my hand didn't linger. I walked around in front of him again, teasing him for a moment, letting him look at what he could not touch. Then, straddling his leg, I slowly slid down so he could feel my hot thong-covered pussy gliding over his masculine thigh. I kissed and licked at his body as I sank down to my knees on the loose hay scattered below.

Kneeling there between his legs, I pressed my lips hard against his balls, sucking each one into my mouth in turn while massaging the other with my fingers. My other hand found my pussy, saturating my fingers with my juices; I put my fingers in his mouth. He moaned as he lapped the moisture from them, and I could see his cock twitching and throbbing in desperation, silently begging to be fucked.

Once again I dropped down and engulfed his throbbing cock, taking it deep into my mouth. I sucked it hard, swirling my tongue around it. In and out I took it, faster and faster, swallowing him deeper while rubbing his balls, my fingers exploring the smooth, hard area between his scrotum and his ass. As he groaned with passion, shuddering and ready to explode, I pulled my mouth off him, running my tongue up his shaft and planting a kiss on the head before standing up.

Looking into his pleading eyes, I slowly pulled off my saturated thong. Then, turning around, I backed up into him, sliding his thick, stiff rod between my wet pussy lips. Pressing the head against my clit, I slid back and forth to the beat of the song coming from the radio. My pussy dripped onto his cock. I could feel his body pressing forward, his pelvis pushing at my ass as I swayed and rocked against him.

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Reaching down, I slipped the head of his cock inside my hot, wet pussy. God, it felt so big! Wet as I was, I had to strain to get it in, but finally it was pushing deep inside me. I began to quiver and moan as I worked myself up and down, my pussy hungry now to devour his thrusting manhood. My rhythm sped up, and I fucked him faster and harder, slamming my ass against his pelvis. He was moving too, rocking his body as much as he could in his restrained position. Then, as I moved back, he gave a thrust forward and I came, my juices gushing out and bathing his cock and balls.

With some difficulty I managed to stay upright but I staggered away from him, still spasming in the aftermath of climax. Facing him, I saw his frustrated face, his straining body, and his unsatisfied cock pointing at me like a spear.

I smiled at him and, still breathing hard, I did a little sensuous dance, teasingly touching my body and my erect nipples. I saw desperation in his eyes as he begged me to fuck him again.

He looked so fucking good. I undid his straps, lay down in the hay and told him to do to me whatever his little heart desired. His wicked grin made me come again.

S.H.
Helena, Montana

AT YOUR SERVICE

Our housekeeper Concetta bent over to check the roast on in the oven, and what can I say? In an instant my cock was hard as nails.

Her knee-length skirt had risen up, and I could see a pair of passion-pink panties stretched tightly across the curves of her ass — at least one side. The other side had ridden up in crack, and her tan cheek nicely visible.

Without being aware of it, I must have touched myself through my jeans before Concetta stood up and caught me. I jerked my hand away and laughed nervously.

"Like what you saw?" she said.

Getting nervous, yet excited, I nodded that yes, I did.

With a half smile she said, "Go on. Get a good look then." She reached back to draw her panties up between her cheeks. She speaks English well, since she grew up in Los Angeles, even though she was born in Mexico. She's 39, and a nice woman, but she's often sarcastic and has a fiery temper.

As I admired the fullness of her ass, she backed slightly toward me. When she was close to me, she said, "Well?"

With shaking hands, I reached up to caress her smooth skin. I felt her heat as I gently squeezed and rubbed her buttocks. She moaned as I ran my fingers up and down the crease between her asscheeks, still covered by her stretched panties. When my finger passed over the little bulge visible through the fabric, she moaned again, "Oh yes, that's nice." Just as I pressed my fingertip on it, she backed up more.

I've always had a thing for women's asses, but no girl I'd ever been with would let me do more than rub hers. I pushed a little more and felt the panty crotch move slightly into the hole, with more moans.

Concetta pulled her skirt up to her waist, and I pulled her panties down and took in her dark-haired pussy from behind. She wiggled it in my face, teasing me. I undid my jeans and pushed them down, along with my underwear. She reached back and felt my hard-on. I nearly came in her hand.

I reached up to unbutton her blouse, and was surprised that she let me. I

tweaked and pulled her nipples from behind as my cock rubbed against her bare ass cheeks. I guided her to a position leaning against the counter, with her ass standing out invitingly, it was the perfect height for me. She parted her legs slightly, seeming to pretty much know what was in store.

Finally I saw her pussy lips hanging down amid the dark, coarse hair, and I caught sight of her hairy asshole as well. My cock twitched. I just wanted to bend over and sniff it. I reached down to rub the wetness between her legs. Concetta wasn't wet, but she was really very warm. I dropped to my knees and kissed and licked from her pussy to her asshole, then chowed down on it. She went wild, screaming and cursing in Spanish.

We were alone for the next hour. I ate her till she shook in climax. Then I saw my chance. When I stood up, I slid right in her cunt, prompting a loud gasp. Then I banged away, holding her hips with her leaning over the sink. When she started to get loud, I looked around and saw passion on her face.

She asked me not to come inside her. I pulled out of her cunt and put my cock at her anus and tried to push in. When she realized, she screamed and stopped me. I begged her to let me keep going, but she said I didn't have enough lube. She said that even though my cock wasn't that big, it just wasn't going to go.

I reached down and smeared her juices all over her ass and my cock. She protested half-heartedly, but I said, "Please, please, Concetta."

She relented, saying, "Well, since it's so small, I guess we can try it." As I started to slide in, she said to go slow. I took my time working my cock in the first ass I ever fucked.

It took a long time to get all the way in, but we managed it. I kept my cock buried in her ass awhile so she could adjust while letting out a series of colorful-sounding Spanish phrases. When she seemed to be comfortable, I gently pulled out and slid back in. She was breathing deeply but seemed otherwise okay with it, so I gradually picked up the pace, watching for any signs of discomfort from her.

Eventually I was able to establish a pretty good rhythm for as long as I lasted, which wasn't all that long. After I came in her asshole, she rested while leaning over the sink gasping. We were both covered in sweat when my cock popped out of her back door.

Since then, Concetta teases me but won't let me touch her. Let me tell you, it's very frustrating!

O.K.
Williamsburg, Virginia

A FUCK IN THE PARK

My wife's 23-year-old BFF Barbara is a wild one, for sure. I knew this way before Antonia and I were married two years ago. Barbara loves to party. She loves sex and she has an exhibitionist streak a mile wide. She always dresses sexy, too. I guess my wife is as wild at heart, but marriage and kids have tamed her somewhat. At least that's what she lets on.

Last Memorial Day Weekend we all went to a cookout. Antonia dressed nice but respectably sexy in a very nice knee-length sundress. Barb, however, wore a black tank top with no bra and a skirt that reached only to mid-thigh, along with real sexy pantyhose. She looked very hot.

There were about 20 of us in a fairly secluded picnic area of the park. We had food, beer and music. Around half

past three most of the kids went off to the swimming area along with most of the women, including my wife. After they were gone awhile, the rest of us began talking about sex and stuff.

For some reason that I can't quite remember, the three girls who had stayed behind took turns dancing on the picnic table. We got a good show when Barb flashed her tits, showing off her pierced nipples, and her ass, showing that she wasn't wearing panties. One of the guys began taking pictures. Barb ate it all up, striking many provocative poses for us.

We kept looking for the women and kids to return, but in the meantime things got even wilder. After Barb got off the table, one of the other girls got sick, so the third girl took her to the restroom to clean her up. This left Barb with us five guys. With the others egging her on, she struck even more erotic poses than she did on the table and even held some to allow guys to feel her legs, ass and tits.

It got naughtier when Barb started giving all of us lap dances! When she came to me, as with everyone else she lifted her skirt to her waist and rubbed her pantyhose-covered ass and cunt over my crotch as I ran my hands over her tummy and cupped her tits.

My buddy Frank kept on telling Barb to take off her pantyhose. First she said no, but when the other guys joined in, she kind of danced toward the cars parked nearby, then headed toward my car. Naturally, we all followed her the 50 feet to the car.

Smiling, she opened the door, then climbed on the seat in doggie position and wiggled her ass invitingly. A couple of guys felt up her nylon-covered ass. Then she pulled away and got on her back with her legs spread and stretched out in the air, giving us a total crotch shot, covered only by the thin fabric of her pantyhose.

By then, some guys were openly rubbing their dicks. Barb noticed this, and it only seemed to add to her excitement, and ours. Teasingly, she pulled her pantyhose down, eventually baring her pussy to us horny guys.

My friend Randolph got down on the seat and ran his hands slowly up her bare legs, planting kisses along the way. In just a few seconds he was eating her pussy, making her moan. While he ate her, he undid his pants. Then he climbed on top of her and entered her, driving us all wild.

Randolph humped Barb urgently, not knowing when our wives — not to mention the other women and the children — would come back. The car rocked, and their moans filled the air. Then he yelped and shot his load. He was quickly replaced by Frank, who soon added his load.

Barb repositioned herself to doggie-style pose before Kyle mounted her. When he finished, that left just Pete and me. Pete had it in his head that he wasn't going for Barb's sloppy cunt, but for her tight asshole. As he repositioned her and she squirmed around, we all crowded around to watch. Sure enough, Kyle worked his tool in her ass and fucked her hard for a while but came pretty soon.

Everyone was looking at me, and I was so hot for Barb, but my hard-on, which had been raging all of this time, went limp. I guess it was the thought of my wife reappearing at any time. None of the other guys was able to get it up again. Then we spotted some of the wives returning across the park.

They were still a quarter mile away, so we had time to get ourselves readjusted. Barb's pantyhose were in tatters, so she didn't bother putting them

back on. She was just sitting there drinking beer with us guys like nothing was wrong when the girls finally showed up. One of them asked her something about her hose. She said she had snagged them on the table, so she took them off. My wife gave me an evil glance but said nothing.

The drive home was in silence, and the tension was incredible. Fuck! Now I wish I would've done something with Barb. At least then I would've deserved the treatment I got!

Name and address withheld

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PRINTED IN CANADA

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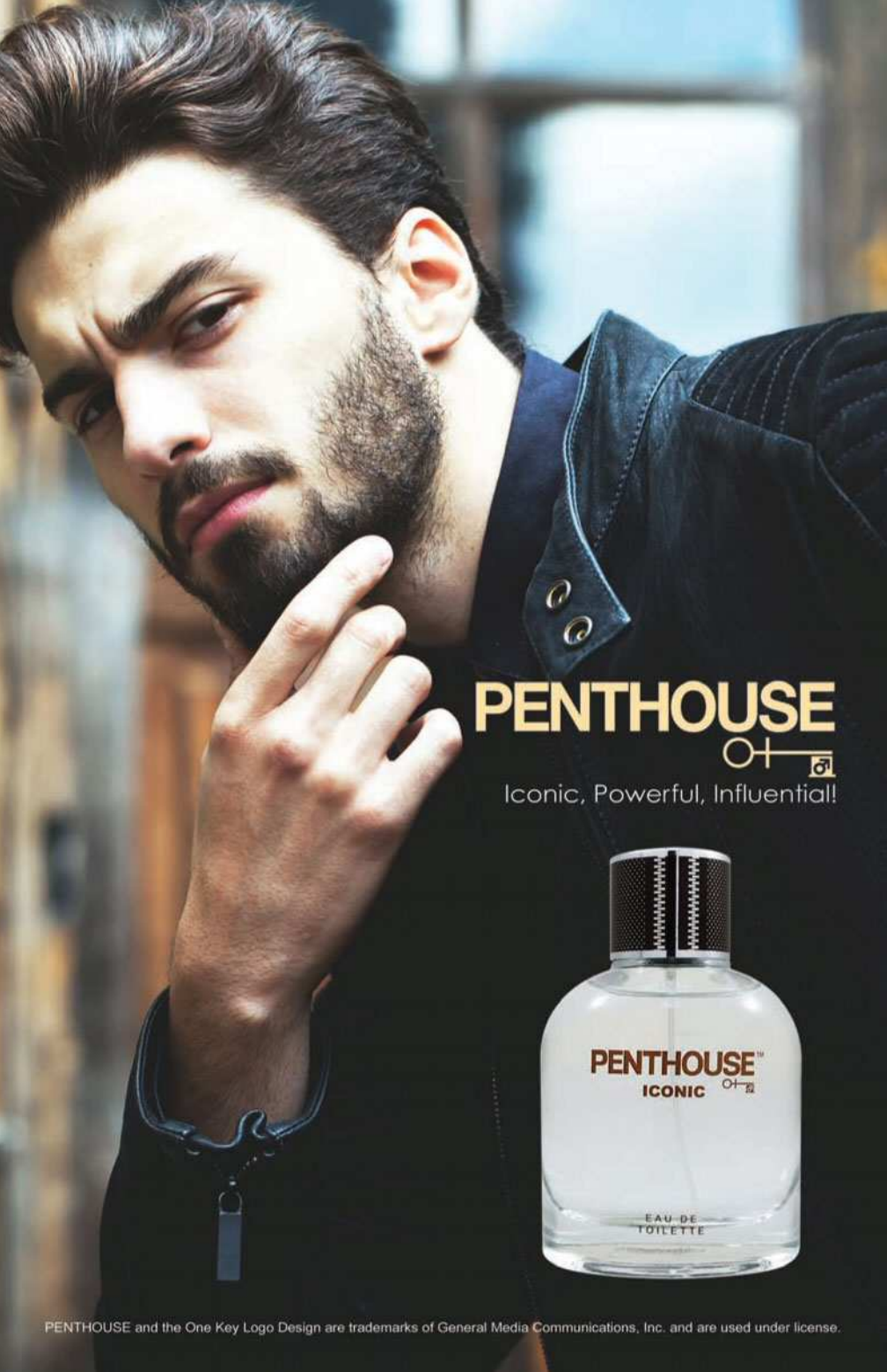

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